

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

The Discovery of San Francisco Bay

A TRANSLATION

(Ortega to Palou, San Diego, February 9, 1770. Certified copy by Verger. British Museum-Add. 13974-P 29710. Transcribed and translated by Thomas Workman Temple II, from a copy on exhibition at the Santa Barbara Historical Society — loaned by the Old Mission of Santa Barbara).

1. My Ever Most Beloved and Honored Padre:

There died on the Expedition among soldiers, sailors, Indians and servants: 46; there remained at San Diego: 50 odd; among all on the Expedition by Sea and Land, there were 90 odd.

By way of the Paquebot "El Principe" I wrote to Your Reverence last July, and among other things I informed you of my departure for the long-sought Monterey. At present I cannot nor should I do less than the same, informing Your Reverence of my arrival, with a short and concise account of our recent apostolic journey.

Therefore let me say that on the 14th day of July, at about 4 in the afternoon, the Expedition set out from San Diego under the command of Don Gaspar de Portola. It entered La Canal de Santa Barbara on the 9th day of August; passed La Punta de La Concepcion on the 27th; arrived at the foot of La Sierra de Santa Lucia on the 13th day of September; entered this mountain range on the 17th of the same month; completely finished crossing the sierra on the 1st of October, and on that day spied La Punta de Pinos.

On the 7th of the same month, La Punta de Pinos and the bays to the north and south of it having been explored, without finding any indications of El Perto de Monterey, it was decided to go forward in search of it. On the 30th of October, a point thought to be that of Los Reyes and the Farallones were sighted.

2. On this reconnaissance of the Puerto de San Francisco, the Farallones are 7 in number, as it appears from that distance. The Expedition endeavored to reach La Punta de los Reyes, but some immense estuaries that thrust themselves into the land an extraordinary distance, and would have required it to make an extremely long detour, and other difficulties, the principle one being lack of provisions, which for days now were racking us with hunger,

forced it to turn back, believing that perhaps the Puerto de Monterey might be found within the region of La Sierra de Santa Lucia and fearing that we had passed on without having seen it.

The Expedition turned back from the last of an excellent harbor, which I with eight soldiers who went out to explore, saw, and of which I forthwith gave a detailed report: that inland for more than 15 leagues, an arm of the sea of two, three, or four leagues in width, runs in; and within there is the grandest harbor between the mountains, of such a sort that it is like a chest locked with so many keys, which made me realize that if the depth is in proportion, my Master has no other like it.

3. Finally on the 11th of November, we turned back from here in accordance with a Council of War held for that purpose, and as necessity demanded. For, had there been provisions, I will always believe that we would have settled here, and our Superiors would have reported accordingly, since there was a harbor, good lands, wood, and countless heathen. (Marginal note: Although of a more arrogant nature).

On the 19th we passed the Punta de Ano Nuevo and the Expedition arrived once more at the Punta de Pinos and the bay on the 27th of the same month. From that day to the 9th of December it was engaged in searching for the Puerto de Monterey within the mountain range, skirting the side towards the sea notwithstanding the risk or its ruggedness, but in vain. Finally disappointed and despairing of finding it, after so many endeavors, labors, and hardships, and without any more provisions than 5 or 6 sacks half-full of flour, the Expedition set out on December 11th for this Puerto de San Diego.

And it enjoyed the utmost success on the way amid fine weather, and sustained by the flesh of mules and jacks, it arrived on January 24th at the Puerto de San Diego. (Marginal note: They ate mules and jacks).

And although I believe Your Reverence will receive detailed information, I too, have obtained some for you, aware that you may want to write to the Most Illustrious Senor, since I know that he has such well-merited confidence in Your Reverence, and thinking it advisable to note the Latitudes, I list them, trusting that Your Reverence will excuse my effusion, failing to keep my promise of brevity.

*Note of the Observations of Latitude made by the Ensign of
Engineers, Don Miguel Costanso.*

San Diego, at the Camp which the Land Expedition occupies....	32 degrees	42 minutes
The most Easterly Town of Heathen on the Canal de Santa Barbara	34 degrees	15 minutes
The Punta de la Concepcion	34 degrees	30 minutes
The beginning of the Sierra de Santa Lucia, southward	35 degrees	45 minutes
Its end at the bay of the Punta de Pinos	36 degrees	36 minutes
The Punto de Ano Nuevo.....	37 degrees	04 minutes
San Francisco, with the Farallones at 4¼ degrees Northwest	37 degrees	35 minutes
He estimates the Punta de Reyes to the WNW, from same site	37 degrees	44 minutes

4. I expand yet a bit, to tell Your Reverence that all of this traversed country is heavily populated with docile Heathen, and in the Canal de Santa Barbara it teems with thousands more, these latter being the more civilized. They have their towns with their houses placed well in order; they con-

struct their trim canoes of wood, a little over a vara wide and 8 to 9 in length, with much grace and skill. They make good, daily catches of fish (although in seasons in greater number) and there is much good land with generous water courses for fine missions.

May God deign to grant strength to the Most Illustrious Senor to sustain so vast an undertaking, in the service of Both Majesties. From what has been observed, we can believe that these people from the last latitude are on the same parallel with New Mexico. The reason is, that starting at the Canal they give many reports of people like ourselves; some indicating that it takes 7 days, others 12 days, and still others 14 days, to reach them. We saw swords, knives, and various pieces of iron which they obtain from there, as well as beads, some woven stuff, and blue wool. And not having obtained these, either from the ships or from us, their explanation as I have set forth, is readily believed.

And so it is that along the straight way, their number is considerable, it being understood that within the mountain range, I am not sure but that there is even a greater number of Heathen, and I can believe that the more beautiful of places may well lie there. May God reveal all this and thus reward His Majesty, with His Excellency, our Most Illustrious Chief, partaking of a grand share therein, as measures so indispensable to an Evangelical Harvest of such proportions, just discovered.

5. I have been ordered to remain in this camp with 15 Leather Jacket Soldiers, and our Commander is doing the same. I remain willingly, and aware as a mere fellow to do my part, whatever befalls me. For, these Dieguinos have always shown cleverness in whatever they have done; now in attacking the camp, now in killing the servant of the Most Reverend Padre Presidente, and now in wounding the Reverend Padre Fray Juan Vizcayne. But although there were only the two leather jacket soldiers and the two who came with the horseherd, they repulsed them and punished them in such a manner that they quit that business to a considerable extent. (Marginal note: the little hope for the conversion of the Indians of San Diego).

The fact is that a strong guard is needed at every establishment, for only force can conquer the avarice and duplicity of the Indian.

I remain grateful for the kindness of Your Reverence, praying God to keep you many years. Camp at San Diego, February 9, 1770.

Your most affectionate, grateful and faithful Servant kisses the hand of Your Reverence.

JPH. FRANCO. DE ORTEGA

The Most Reverend Padre Presidente Fray Francisco Palou:

Notes on Robert Bage Canfield

By ROBERT E. EASTON

Robert Bage Canfield was born December 22, 1843, in Newark, New Jersey, and was brought up in New York City in an environment of comfortable wealth. He was one of four children with two younger brothers and one sister.

He was graduated from Columbia at the age of eighteen with the honor of being first in his class in mathematics; he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity. Although his family thought he was destined for the Episcopal ministry, he studied law, completing his course after some time spent in mining, appreciating the advantages of a law-trained mind through his contact with the western business and mining world.

Following his graduation from college, he was in poor health and was sent to Europe with an allotment of expense money from his father, with some of which he returned. This management of money by so young a person impressed his father's associates who chose him as superintendent of the Belmont Mine of Nevada.

Robert Canfield remained at mining for several years in Nevada and Arizona, partaking of the rugged life and its colorful pageantry. The hardness of living on this frontier, including snow-bathing each morning in the open, restored health to those who withstood its rigors. To the snow-bathing has been ascribed by some the pink-and-white complexion of Judge Canfield which, together with his immaculate grooming, characterized him to the end.

In the early 70's, Mr. Canfield came to Santa Barbara where he took up the practice of law and pursued many other activities, it becoming his adopted and beloved city. Here he built his home, having in 1870 in San Francisco married Mrs. Louise Davison who survived her husband by two years, passing in 1931.

About the year 1873, Mr. Canfield purchased the water rights from the Catholic Church and founded the Mission Water Company which later became the Santa Barbara Company, this corporation having sold all its land and equipment to the City of Santa Barbara in 1911. He was also instrumental in starting the first gas and electric and street railway companies. He was city councilman at one time. He successfully practiced law from the time of his residence here until his death in 1929; with him as partner from 1892 until 1918 was Henry P. Starbuck, the latter's death dissolving the firm in that year. In 1886 he was appointed by Governor Stoneman to the Superior Court to fill the unexpired term of judge. The appellation "Judge" was henceforth attached to him.

He evidenced much interest in all building projects and usually served on building committees of the companies and associations with which he was connected. He responded liberally to subscriptions for civic funds, and was solicited for public beach and park grounds. He led a delegation of citizens to force the City Council to accept the heavier and better type of bulkhead for the protection of West Beach Boulevard. He contributed to charities and was interested in helping young people.



R. B. CANFIELD

As well as being a *lawyer* and president of the Bar Association, his presidency of The First National Bank for 23 years and chairman of the Board for 10 years longer entitled him to the cognomen *banker*. His offices as president of Howard-Canfield Co., Treasurer of Arlington Hotel Co., President of Santa Barbara Building Corporation, designated him as *builder*: his ownership and operation of Corral de Quati and of Rancho de Prado defined him as *cattleman* and *rancher*. These last interests called forth his organization of the California Cattlemen's Association. His presidency of the board of the Unitarian Church, his public participation in the drafting of City and County charters, his services to Community Arts Association, Community Chest, Cottage Hospital, etc. all described his full and balanced interests. But, in the center of this multifarious wheel of balance, stood the nobility of his character, as a shining obelisk, adamant against all evil and deceitful forces, not alone pointing heavenward, but enveloped in and permeated with the worthiness of purpose and high-mindedness. Yet, glimmering on its surface could often be seen that subtle understanding of humanity's frailties evinced at times by the mere twinkle in his eye.

At the time of World War I, although at the age of seventy-five, he joined the Santa Barbara Constabulary and drilled regularly. At the age of eighty-two, at time of the Santa Barbara earthquake in 1925, he donned

overalls and supervised the reconstruction of the Howard-Canfield Building and took active part in the rebuilding of the Unitarian Church, The First National Bank Building, and other public buildings.

His death, on April 29, 1929, at the age of eighty-five, closed a forceful life of quiet dignity which had fulfilled all its obligations to family, friends, community and church and had weighted the scales of justice in all its dealings ever to the receiver's advantage. In Reverend Daniels' words at the funeral service . . .

He will long live in our hearts and minds, an influence potent for those things we prize, because they are *right* and *true*, *sound* and *beautiful*.

And to those who knew him best, those four adjectives epitomize the character of *Honorable Robert Bage Canfield*.

In addition to the achievements above cited, great credit must be given to Judge Canfield for his ability to recognize the value of good agricultural land, and, secondly, the importance of adequate water supply on land which he acquired in his active days.

At one time, Judge Canfield owned two ranches, the Zaca and the Corral de Quati, as well as adjacent lands. On the Zaca Ranch, he acquired a most valuable water supply on the Zaca Creek and planned the construction of a pipe line several miles in length, supplying stock water to that area of Zaca Ranch not supplied by Zaca Creek.

One of these leading productive ranches in the County is now owned by Theodore Chamberlin, Jr., comprising a considerable area of level, high quality farming land, acquired by Judge Canfield.

The foregoing notes were compiled from: "A Few Facts and Incidents Relating to the Life of ROBERT BAGE CANFIELD, 1843-1929, compiled for William G. Griffith's speech at County Law Library of Court House, at Santa Barbara, California, October 16, 1944, upon unveiling of his portrait bequeathed to County Bar Association by Mrs. Rebecca Ruth Ord-Peshine." (By Lily L. Probert, associated with Robert B. Canfield as stenographer and secretary for fifteen years.)

A Recollection of Captain Low

Early residents of Santa Barbara well recall Captain Charles P. Low, who was a renowned ship master sailing out of Boston in the China trade. He came to San Francisco in 1853 and later made his residence on the Mesa in Santa Barbara. From his granddaughter, Helen Low, we have the following background on one of Captain Low's visits to Honolulu.

February 6, 1960
Santa Barbara

Mr. Selden Spaulding,
Editor, Noticias

Dear Selden:

I am sending to you herewith a copy of article that appeared in *The Polynesian* in Honolulu on March 25, 1854, which tells of a visit of His Majesty, the King of Hawaii, to my grandfather's ship, the N. B. Palmer. I believe that the king was Kamehameha III.

In view of the fact that Hawaii is our newest state, and that my grandfather was a resident of Santa Barbara from the fall of 1893 until his death in February, 1913, this article has considerable interest for me, and I thought that you would, also, be interested in seeing it.

With good wishes to you, as always

Sincerely yours,
HELEN LOW

(From *The Polynesian*, Saturday, March 25, 1854.)

Visit of His Majesty to the N. B. Palmer.

"On Thursday last His Majesty visited the clipper ship N. B. Palmer, accompanied by their R. H.'s Princes Liholiho and Kamehameha, their Excellencies, the Minister of Interior, Foreign Affairs and Finance, together with other members of His Privy Council.

"On reaching the deck, the Hawaiian flag was hoisted and His Majesty was received with a salute. Every attention was shown His Majesty by Capt. Low, while he remained on board. A profuse collation was served, at which Mr. Gregg, American Commissioner, and Mr. Angell, American Consul, met His Majesty and suite, and where cordiality and good feeling united to render the hour a pleasant one to all the guests of Capt. Low.

"His Majesty retired under a salute, and we learn takes passage today with Capt. Low for Lahaina, whither the ship is bound. The N. B. Palmer is one of the finest ships that have ever visited the port of Honolulu;—doing honor to American Ship Builders and especially to Capt. Low, for the perfection of her appointments and the neatness of her appearance. His Majesty expressed himself highly pleased with the ship, and his gratification at seeing her in waters."

Honolulu, T.H., February 19, 1923

I, the undersigned Librarian of Public Archives hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of an article printed in *The Polynesian* of March 25, 1854, a newspaper published at Honolulu, on file in the Public Archives.

(signed) R. C. Lydecker
Librarian, Public Archives



EDWARD A. GILBERT
POST OFFICE BOX 300
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

February 26
1960

Mr. Edward S. Spaulding
720 Mission Canyon Road
Santa Barbara, California

Dear Mr. Spaulding:

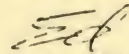
Relative to our discussion of the Frederic Remington picture hanging in the Santa Barbara Club, I thought you might be interested in the following.

Many years ago when I was a youngster, Mr. Remington was quite often in Santa Barbara. In fact, as I recall it, he used to stay at the Santa Barbara Club, where, in those days, rooms were available for members or guests.

My family came to know him well and he occasionally dined at our home. During these evenings, he would often pick up a pad and sketch a picture or two for me. Needless to say, I was greatly thrilled and later would do my best to copy what he gave me, with visions of some day becoming a great artist myself. However, unfortunately, this never came about.

I remember Mr. Remington as a kindly gentleman who was extremely nice to a young boy.

Sincerely,



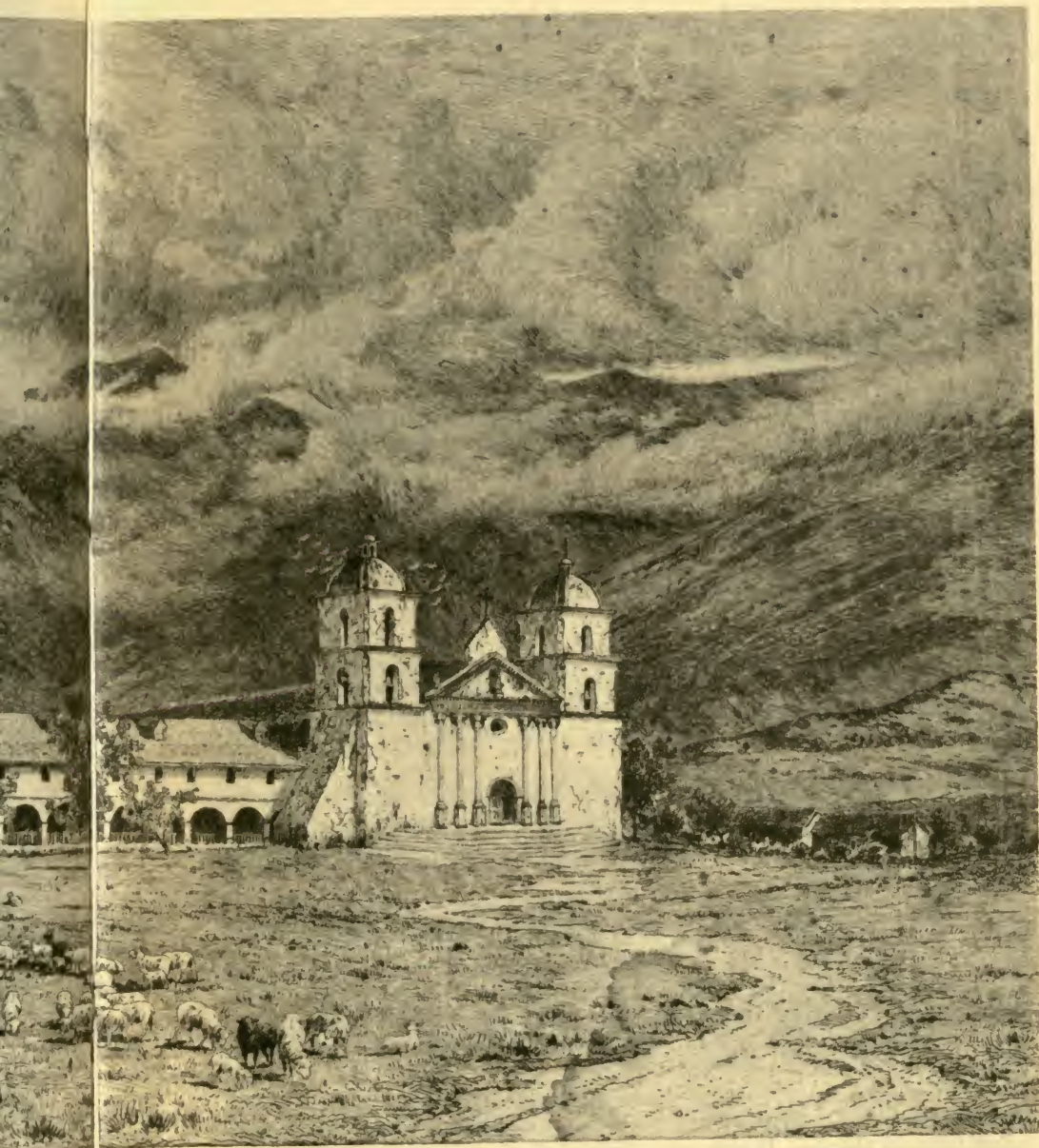
E. A. Gilbert

EAG:lvp



PETER MORAN—1842-1915—was born at Bolton, Lancashire, England. He came to the United States as a child and studied art with his two brothers, Charles and Thomas, both painters. Peter is known as a painter of landscape and animal subjects and also as an etcher. At one period he was president of the American Society of Etchers.

Some time in the '80s and '90s he visited Santa Barbara and is thought to have lived in a house on East Pueblo near the Mission. His brother, Thomas Moran, made Santa



Barbara his home for many years and was living here with his daughter at the time of the 1925 earthquake.

The Morans were personal friends of the artist Lockwood de Forest, Sr. The etching of the Old Mission, reproduced above, was made by Mr. Moran during his stay in Santa Barbara.

—ELIZABETH DE FOREST

Blue Gum and Ladybugs

By WALKER A. TOMPKINS

In August 1870, Col. W. W. Hollister welcomed to Santa Barbara a 41-year-old Pennsylvania horticulturist whose work was to literally change the face of California's landscape for generations to come.

This green-thumbed genius was Elwood Cooper. His monument is the now-ubiquitous eucalyptus tree, which was an unknown species in California prior to the American regime.

Born of colonial Quaker stock in Lancaster County, Pa., in May 1829, Cooper spent his early manhood as a clerk for a shipping house in the West Indies. Frail health obliged him to quit the humid tropics and return to the States.

In 1853 Cooper married Sarah P. Moore, of an old-line Philadelphia family. Their issue, Henry, Ellen and Fannie, grew to adulthood in far-off California.

While on an exploratory trip to the West Coast in 1868, traveling by stagecoach from San Diego to Portland, Cooper met Col. Hollister at San Juan Bautista. Kindred souls—each had an indefatigable penchant for experimenting with sylvia and flora—the two men developed a friendship which only death was to part.

Two years later Col. Hollister offered to sell Cooper part of his lush Glen Annie Rancho 12 miles west of Santa Barbara. Cooper gladly accepted. He brought his family across the continent via the newly-opened railway. A coastal steamer from San Francisco landed them on the Santa Barbara beach on August 30, 1870. Cooper wrote rhapsodically to a friend in the East:

Santa Barbara is the Italy of America, the Paradise of the Western World, the Climatic Perfection of this Globe! . . . We have 2 weekly newspapers, 5 churches, a college, a telegraph to be completed this fall. A railroad is being surveyed. Steamboat communication is every six days; stagecoach every day. We get the San Francisco newspapers regularly, two days old.*

There being no suitable hotel accommodations in Santa Barbara for his family, Cooper purchased for \$1,100 a lot 225 feet square at the southeast corner of Chapala and Anapamu Streets, just west of the Santa Barbara College (San Marcos Building). The property included a frameless board-and-batten house, 25 x 26 feet in size, in which the Coopers set up housekeeping. For an additional \$1,400, Cooper furnished his home, fenced the lot, built a stable and carriage shed, and sunk a well.

Twelve miles out of town to the west, Cooper purchased a strip of land from Col. Hollister for \$22 per acre, encompassing 2,000 acres in what is now called Ellwood Canyon. It was seven-eighths of a mile wide and ran "from the sea to the sierra".

This was the ranch Cooper was to make world famous for its large-scale production of olives, walnuts, and eucalyptus trees.

*Extracted from a letter in Cooper's handwriting, currently on exhibition at the Historical Society's museum in the Old Mission.

It is commonly believed that Elwood Cooper introduced the eucalyptus, or blue gum, into this country from its native Malaya and/or Australia. This is not strictly true. A few specimens are known to have arrived with the Sydney Ducks during Gold Rush days and were planted at random around the San Francisco Bay area.

To Cooper, however, must go the major credit for being the first commercial grower of eucalypti in the Golden State, as a result of which the landscape was drastically changed from the Mexican border to the northern reaches of the Sacramento Valley.

The value of the eucalyptus was as a windbreaker to combat topsoil erosion in arable areas. The blue gum seeded easily, and attained heights in excess of 100 feet within a relatively few years. But it had its disadvantages. Most varieties were messy, shedding their bark with a reptilian regularity. The oily leaves and voracious root systems virtually sterilized adjacent soil for anything else. The curly-grained wood was impossible to saw and plane into lumber, but for marine piling it was ideal, the oils making it resistant to toredo damage. When planted close together the eucalyptus would grow straight as lodgepole pine and branch out 50 feet from the ground, making it ideal for wharf piles.

Eucalyptus helped make Cooper wealthy. At one time he had more than 200,000 seedlings for sale, in some 50 varieties. One of his unharvested blue-gum nurseries can be seen today—the jungle-dense grove south of Hollister Avenue near the Ellwood Union School grounds. The tallest tree in Santa Barbara county, a lemon-scented gum, grew to 130 feet on the Ellwood ranch.**

Cooper established the soft-shell walnut industry in the Goleta Valley. But it was olive-oil production that was closest to his heart. His 250-acre olive orchard supplied raw material to the largest olive mill and bottling works in this country.

Olives were dumped into vats for crushing by huge stone grinders powered by mules. Grooves cut in the stone floor of the vat carried the rich virgin oil into tanks of water. When full, a spigot in the bottom of the collecting tank was opened to drain off the water, leaving the floating oil ready for bottling.

Unfortunately Cooper's production costs were so high he could not compete with the cheaper olive oils imported from Spain, Italy and Sicily. Reluctantly, Cooper gave up his dreams of being crowned the "Olive Oil King of the World".

When black scale threatened California agriculture with bankruptcy in the late '80s, Elwood Cooper spent over \$10,000 experimenting with toxic sprays. The pest continued to flourish. In despair, Cooper imported oriental ladybugs, the first ever to reach this continent. The first shipment of the little insects died on the transpacific crossing. The second batch, however, cleaned the black scale from Cooper's orchard in a matter of days. They were instrumental in saving California's economy.

In recognition of this significant work, Cooper was appointed President of the State Board of Horticulture, a post he held for many successive terms.

During the closing decade of the old century Ellwood Cooper wrote extensively for the *Santa Barbara Press*, on matters both political and hor-

**Pictured on Page 51, *Trees of Santa Barbara*, Van Rensselaer 1948.

ticultural. He was the author of *Fruit Culture and Eucalyptus Trees*, still the authority in its field, and *Olive Culture*, which has yet to be surpassed.

Cooper served as a director of the Santa Barbara College during its brief lifetime in the early '70s. His accomplished wife Sarah went east in 1872 to gather a cadre of teachers to form the faculty of the institution.

Among the instructors Mrs. Cooper was instrumental in bringing to Santa Barbara was a 25-year-old Civil War veteran named Charles A. Storke, who married Martha More, descendant of the founding Ortega clan. Thus did one of modern Santa Barbara's most influential family trees sink its roots in adobe.

Hard times closed the college in 1878. Col. Hollister took over and converted it into an annex for his Arlington Hotel, dubbing it the Ellwood Hotel in Cooper's honor. It was known as the San Marcos Building when it was demolished in 1914.

Cooper and Hollister, with other ranchers, became involved in the long and bitter Den Estate litigation in the 1880s. According to attorney T. B. Bishop of San Francisco, representing the heirs of the Dos Pueblos grantee Nicholas A. Den, executor C. E. Huse had bypassed the Probate Court in selling Dos Pueblos land to Col. Hollister in 1869.

The litigation, one of the longest and bitterest courtroom feuds in the county's history, dragged on for 14 years. Elwood Cooper finally wearied and reached an out of court settlement with the Dens, deeding the 200 acres south of Hollister Avenue in return for a clear title to the 1,800 acres north of the road.

Col. Hollister refused to compromise, however. In the end he lost his fabulous Glen Annie holdings to the Dens and Bishops. Renamed the Corona del Mar, Hollister's "Lower Ranch" remained in the possession of the Bishop family until 1959. Col. Hollister's death in 1886 preceded the end of the litigation by four years.

Curiously, it is Ellwood Cooper's first name which lives on in the nomenclature of the Goleta Valley. The S.P.'s coast route reached the Cooper ranch in August of 1887, end-of-track remaining at Ellwood Station for 14 years. The fabulous Ellwood oil field, which has produced 100,000,000 barrels of high-gravity crude since its discovery in 1928, honors Cooper's name.

Cooper sold his ranch to a syndicate of Southern California investors in December, 1912, his wife Sarah having died, aged 80, in 1908. Elwood Cooper was living at the New Arlington Hotel when his death occurred, of spinal paralysis due to advanced age, on the 29th of December, 1918. He was but five months away from his 90th birthday. The Coopers are buried in Goleta Cemetery.

A surviving grand-daughter, Henry's daughter Mrs. Carl G. Erickson, resides at 24 West Quinto Street in Santa Barbara. She recently donated a fine watercolor portrait of her distinguished grandfather to the art collection of your Historical Society.

A Career Cut Short

By PRYNCE HOPKINS

It all began with my overhearing the word "airship," in the spring of 1896, when I was turning eleven years old. The phrase fascinated me. Spring was the kite-flying season. I made a skeleton toy ship of very light sticks with exaggerated masts and large sails of paper, and managed to fly it in a strong wind. I had my first "airship," even if smug group-ups read to me a derisive poem about "Darius Green and his flying machine."

Next autumn I was sent to the Thatcher school and, about the same time, got hold of The Aeronautic Annual or some similar publication picturing Leonardo da Vinci's and others' designs for apparatus by which they hoped to flap or glide like a bird. The most successful glider to date was Lillienthal. Hiram Maxim had built a steam-driven machine which had lifted itself and three passengers a few feet off its track. In 1896, Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institute flew a steam-driven, four-winged, thirteen-foot model for one-half mile.

I spent a lot of my time in the school carpenter shop, and began to turn out model gliders and to experiment with various shapes of wings and tail and hull. These earned me the reputation of being a dreamer; but as an attention-getting activity their tests were gratifying, for there was always a crowd of schoolmates to cheer the success of a new model or jeer its failure.

Meantime, I began to hear of other "cranks" who believed in the possibility of human flight, and to exchange letters with a few of them. There was hot debate between the advocates of gas-supported, lighter than air *versus* the champions of heavier-than-air machines; but there was a spirit of confraternity between us all. We thrilled when, just before I entered college, the United States Government backed Langley to the extent of \$30,000 to build a full-sized machine. When its launching device caught a strut and hurled it into the Potomac, a cry of anger went up all over the country against Congress wasting so great a sum of the taxpayers' money on such foolishness. We, his fans, were almost in tears; and poor old Langley died soon after of a broken heart.

When I came home in the summer of 1904, the Wright brothers had just made their first flights at Kittyhawk. Much excited by this, I constructed in our backyard here in Santa Barbara three motorless gliders, using for the frames well dried spruce which I covered with muslin and braced with steel piano wire.

The first of the trio was a multi-plane design, a kind of lattice of ten narrow wings superposed, each having a front "bone" made of spruce, from which numerous short quills of stiff, large-diameter piano wire extended back to the rear edge of the plane, which was thus flexible. This I must have disassembled, taken to the top of Mission Ridge and reassembled there. At any rate, my testing ground was the same fifteen-acre field which by strange coincidence was to become the site of Boy Land school in 1912. The design, however, proved hopelessly wind-resistant and heavy and was abandoned.

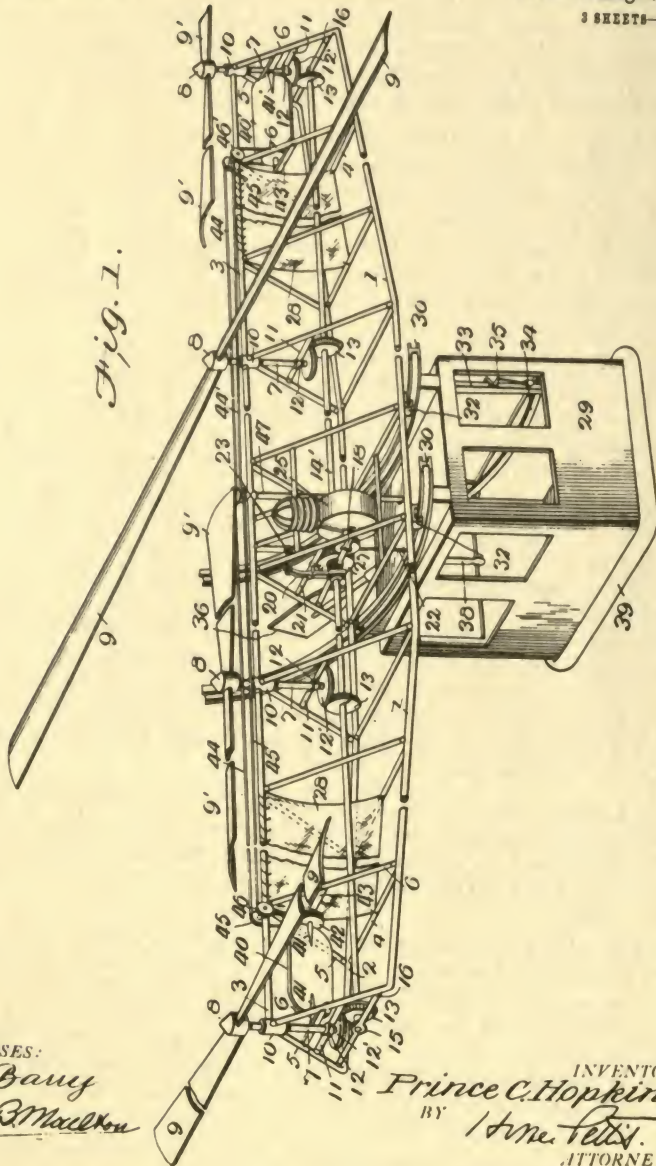
My second machine followed the conventional biplane design. It, too, had to be taken apart and reassembled on the testing ground. There I harnessed it to my back. It had no wheels. I had to carry the weight of the struc-

P. C. HOPKINS.
FLYING MACHINE.
APPLICATION FILED APR. 26, 1906.

1,001,849.

Patented Aug. 29, 1911.
3 SHEETS—SHEET 1.

Fig. 1.



WITNESSES:
F. C. Bailey
Alton R. Macdon

INVENTOR
Prince C. Hopkins
BY *John F. Kelly*
ATTORNEY.

ture on my shoulders and run with it downhill into the teeth of the wind. I would manage to get airborne for a second or so and then would have to labor up the hill again for the next try. On about my third venture, it nose-dived and landed upside down, with me atop the wreckage.

A week later, I started construction of the third plane. By this time, news of the experiment had got around and the *Morning Press* or *Evening News* sent a reporter and photographer up to get a story. The picture of the plane and me and a Washington girl named Eleanor Pettit, who was our house guest that summer, appeared prominently in the local paper and the Los Angeles Examiner in, I think, August, 1904, under a big caption "Yale man to devote life to higher air."

When this third glider had been taken to the same testing grounds, it made flights of not much greater importance and it lasted only a little, but not much, longer than its predecessor. Actually, it may have been fortunate for me that I never managed to glide far enough to attain more than a few feet of altitude. So when the final crash came, I sustained nothing worse than a sprained ankle. This was enough, though, to frighten my parents and set them violently against any more of this kind of experiments.

On returning to Yale that autumn, I turned from planes to helicopters. Most of my spare cash and spare time went to constructing models out of aluminum sheets and tubes and steel piano wire, but I could not afford any engine beyond large twisted rubber bands. I scored quite a success once which two classmates, Harris Hammond and Bret Glaenzer, came in to ask for a demonstration. They were prepared to guy me and were astonished when the model, which may have measured two and one-half feet across the aluminum vanes, took off with a beautiful flight.

In 1907, I successfully applied for a patent on a machine with two oppositely rotating vanes at the ends of a rocking frame from which the car was suspended.

By now, however, my parents were thoroughly aroused. "If man had been intended to fly, he'd have been given wings!" exclaimed my father. He triumphantly showed me a magazine article in which it was demonstrated mathematically that to sustain one man's weight in the air would require the power of a locomotive. He insisted I give up my crazy notion of a career as an inventor of flying-machines. I must get into some field which held a future.

By adding small improvements to my helicopter design, I succeeded in getting the date of issue postponed until 1911. Meantime I managed to interest a wealthy New York friend, named Albert Markley, in backing me to construct a first engine driven machine. Just as we were about to start, however, he got cold feet, I never converted another angel — the idea of human flight was too chimerical. The patent has long ago expired.

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QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

The De la Guerra Wedding

(From *Two Years before the Mast* by Richard Henry Dana)

Great preparations were making on shore for the marriage of our agent, who was to marry Donna Anneta De G.... De N.... y C..., youngest daughter of Don Antonio N..., the grandee of the place, and head of the first family in California. Our Steward was ashore three days, making pastry and cake, and some of our best stores were sent off with him. On the day appointed for the wedding, we took the captain ashore in the gig, and had orders to come for him at night, with leave to go up to the house and see the fandango. Returning on board, we found preparations making for a salute. Our guns were loaded and out, men appointed to each, cartridges served out, matches lighted, and all the flags ready to be run up. I took my place at the starboard gun, and we all waited for the signal from shore. At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional, dressed in deep black. Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the Mission church opened, the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal, the private signal for us was run up by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession. Just as she stepped from the church door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was full in sight, the loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern. Twenty-three guns followed in regular succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, when the cloud cleared away, and the ship lay dressed in her colors, all day. At sundown, another salute of the same number of guns was fired, and all the flags run down. This we thought was pretty well done — a gun every fifteen seconds — for a merchantman with only four guns and a dozen to twenty men.

After supper, the gig's crew were called, and we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniforms, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango. The bride's father's house was the principal one in the place, with a large court in front, upon which a tent was built, capable of containing several hundred people. As we drew near, we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of people within. Going in, we found nearly all the people of the town, and children — collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers; for on these occasions no invitations were given, but every one is expected to come, though there is always a private entertainment within the house for particular friends. The old women sat

down in rows, clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones. The music was lively, and among the tunes, we recognized several of our popular airs, which we, without doubt, had taken from the Spanish. In the dancing, I was disappointed. The women stood upright, with their hands at their sides, their eyes fixed upon the ground before them, and slid about without perceptible means of motion; for their feet were invisible, the hem of their dresses forming a perfect circle about them, reaching to the ground. They looked as grave as though they were going through some religious ceremony, their faces as little excited as their limbs; and on the whole, instead of the spirited fascinating Spanish dances which I had expected, I found the California Fandango, on the part of the women at least, a lifeless affair. The men did better. They danced with grace and spirit, moving in circles around their nearly stationary partners, and showing their figures to great advantage.

A great deal was said about our friend Don Juan Bandini, and when he did appear, which was toward the close of the evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dancing that I had ever seen. He was dressed in white pantaloons, neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk, gaily figured, white stockings and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet. His slight and graceful figure was well calculated for dancing, and he moved about with the grace and daintiness of a young fawn. An occasional touch of the toe to the ground, seemed all that was necessary to give him a long interval of motion in the air. At the same time he was not fantastic or flourishing, but appeared to be rather repressing a strong tendency to motion. He was loudly applauded, and danced frequently toward the close of the evening. After the supper, the waltzing began, which was confined to a very few of the "gente de razon" (people of intelligence) and was considered a high accomplishment, and a mark of aristocracy. Here, too, Don Juan figured greatly, waltzing with the sister of the bride (Donna Angustia), a handsome woman and a general favorite, in a variety, but, to me, offensive figures, which lasted as much as half an hour, no one else taking the floor. They were repeated and loudly applauded, the old men and women jumping out of the seats in admiration, and the young people waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Indeed among people of the character of these Mexicans, the waltz seemed to have found its right place. The great amusement of the evening — which I suppose was owing to its being carnival — was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences, upon the heads of the company. One end of the egg is broken and the inside taken out, then it is partially filled with cologne, and the hole sealed up (with wax). The women bring a great number of these secretly about them, and the amusement is to break one upon the head of a gentleman when his back is turned. He is bound in gallantry to find out the lady and return the compliment, though it must not be done if the person sees you. A tall stately Don, with immense whiskers, and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and turning around, saw Donna Angustia, (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey, and down again, in the Alert) with her finger upon her lips, motioning me gently aside. I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the Don, and with one hand knocked off his huge sombrero, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me, was out of sight in a moment. The Don turned slowly around, the cologne running down

his face, and over his clothes, and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter. He looked around in vain, for some time, until the direction of so many laughing eyes showed him the fair offender. She was his niece and a great favorite with him, so old Don Domingo had to join in the laugh. A great many such tricks were played, and many a war of sharp manoeuvring was carried on between couples of the young people, and at every successful exploit a general laugh was raised.

Another singular custom I was for some time at a loss about. A pretty young girl was dancing, named — after the sacrilegious custom of the country — *Espiritu Santo*, when a young man went behind her and placed his hat directly upon her head, letting it fall over her eyes, and sprang back into the crowd. She danced for some time with the hat on, when she threw it off, which called forth a general shout; and the young man was obliged to go out upon the floor and pick it up. Some of the ladies, upon whose head hats had been placed, threw them off at once, and a few kept them on throughout the dance, and took them off at the end, and held them in their hands, when the owners stepped out, bowed, and took it from them. I soon began to suspect the meaning of the thing, and was afterwards told that it was a compliment, and an offer to become the lady's gallant for the rest of the evening, and to wait upon her home. If the hat was thrown off, the offer was refused, and the gentleman was obliged to pick up his hat amid a general laugh. Much amusement was caused sometimes by gentlemen putting hats on the ladies heads, without permitting them to see whom it was done by. This obliged them to throw them off, or keep them at a venture, and when they came to discover the owner, the laugh was often turned on them.

These fandangos generally last three days. The next day, two of us were sent up to the town, and took care to come back by way of Captain Noriego's and take a look at the booth. The musicians were still there, upon the platform, scraping and twanging away, and a few people, apparently of the lower classes, were dancing. The dancing kept up, at intervals, throughout the day, but the crowd, the spirit, and the elite, come in at night. The next night, which was the last, we went ashore in the same manner, until we got almost tired of the monotonous twang of the instruments, the drawing sounds which the women kept up, as an accompaniment, and the clapping of hands in time with the music in place of castinets. We found ourselves as great objects of attention as any persons or anything at the place. Our sailor dresses — and we took great pains to have them neat and shipshape — were much admired, and we were invited, from every quarter, to give them an American sailor's dance; but after the ridiculous figure some of our countrymen cut, in dancing with the Spaniards, we thought it best to leave it to their imaginations. Our agent, with a tight, black, swallow-tailed coat, just imported from Boston, a high stiff cravat, looking as if he had been pinned and skewered, with only his feet and hands left free, took the floor just after Bandini; and we thought they had had enough of Yankee grace.

The last night they kept it up in great style, and were getting into a high-go, when the captain called us off to go aboard.

The Coming to Santa Barbara of Reverend Bishop Francisco Garcia Diego

(From *Life in California* by Alfred Robinson)

For a great length of time the Californians had been in anxious expectation of the coming of a bishop, who had been appointed to their diocese by his holiness, the Pope. At length a courier arrived from San Diego on the 16th of December, 1841, announcing the fact of his having disembarked at that place. He came passenger on board an English brig from San Blas, accompanied by several priests, two schoolmasters, three school mistresses, and four novitiates. The news was received with the most enthusiastic expressions of joy by the inhabitants of Santa Barbara; guns were fired, and skyrockets were set off in every direction. At the Mission the bells rang a merry peal, and the music of the band was heard at intervals, as its harmonious sounds floated through the air.

Several days subsequent to this demonstration of joy, we had an exhibition of the "Pastores," by the Indians of the Mission. They had been practicing for some time, under the direction of Padre Antonio Jimino, and a great triumph was therefore anticipated over the performances of the "gente de razon." This exhibition took place on Sunday afternoon, in the courtyard of Senor Noriega, where four or five hundred persons were collected, to enjoy the amusement. Their performance was pronounced excellent, and I think it far surpassed the whites, which I had witnessed some years previous, at San Diego. At the conclusion of the "Pastores," a celebrated juggler came forward, and amused us a half hour longer, with expert and wonderful tricks of legerdemain.

The schooner Leonidas arrived from San Diego, with the intelligence of the Bishop's intended embarkation at the place, in the *marque Guipuzcoana*. Her owner, Don Antonio Aguirre, had lately married there, the daughter of Senor Estudillo, and designed bringing his wife to Santa Barbara, where he had been preparing for some time previous, a suitable residence. The venerable Bishop, and his retinue, had been invited to accompany the bridal party, and it was too good an opportunity for him to accomplish the remainder of his journey, to admit of refusal. Great preparations were made, upon hearing this news, and all were anxious for the Bishop's arrival; for he was a functionary that but few in California had ever beheld.

The vessel was in sight on the morning of the 11th of January, 1842, but lay becalmed and rolling in the ocean's swell. A boat put off from her side, and approached the landing place. One of the attendants of his Excellency, who came in (landing through the surf, as all boats must do at this time) reported to the Mission, to communicate with the Father President. All was bustle; men, women, and children hastening to the beach, banners flying, drums beating, the soldiers marching. The whole population of the place turned out, to pay homage to the first Bishop of California. At eleven o'clock the vessel anchored. He came on shore, and was welcomed by the kneeling multitude. All received his benediction — all kissed the pontifical ring. The troops, and the civil authorities, then escorted him to the house of Don Antonio, where he dined. A carriage had been prepared for his Excellency, which was accompanied by several others, occupied by the President and his friends. The females had formed, with ornamental canes, beautiful arches, through which the procession passed; and as it marched

along, the heavy artillery of the "Presidio" continued to thunder forth its noisy welcome. At the time he left the barque she was enveloped in smoke, and the distant report of her guns was heard echoing among the hills in our rear.

The bride, with her mother and sisters, remained on board till afternoon, when they, also, repaired to the festive scene.

At four o'clock, the Bishop was escorted to the Mission, and when a short distance from the town, the enthusiastic inhabitants took the horses from his carriage, and dragged it themselves. Halting at a small bower, on the road, he alighted, went into it, and put on his pontifical robes; then resuming his place in the carriage, he continued on, amidst the noise of music and the firing of guns, till he arrived at the church, where he addressed the multitude that followed him.

Santa Barbara was selected to be the "Episcopal See"; and the plans drawn up, for the erection of his palace, a Cathedral, a monastery, and a Theological School. The inhabitants were called upon to unite in forwarding these plans, and the Bishop trusted for resources to the "Fonda Piadosa de California," (Pius Fund of California) in Mexico, for their accomplishment; but as the Mexican Government (Santa Ana) had seen proper to appropriate the fund to less pious purposes, they will undoubtedly remain, for some years, as monuments to the frailty of human speculation.

The Flower Carnivals

By ALICE DAY McLAREN

Santa Barbara has always been fiesta-minded. It's part of our tradition I suppose. Back in the nineties these celebrations took the form of flower parades — the "battle of flowers" so-called. Who backed these undertakings or how they were financed I wouldn't know. Perhaps the hotel owners and business houses took a hand; perhaps they were an answer to a spontaneous demand from a fiesta-hungry citizenry. I am inclined to think the former was the case for there was a good deal of expense involved.

In the first place they were extremely publicized throughout the west and in the eastern newspapers. The hotels bulged to bursting with visitors from St. Louis, Chicago, and even New York and Boston. Private citizens in their zeal to aid the project (and perhaps themselves as ready cash was scarce in the nineties) either rented or lent their spare bedrooms. Seats were erected from Victoria to Micheltorena streets complete with bunting, judges' stand and bandstand. These were referred to as tribunes which has a festal, old-Roman sound, although I believe Roman tribunes were magistrates, not benches. Other expenses, to mention just a few, were the prizes, the music, the programs, and above all the great Carnival Ball which climaxed the proceedings. Mrs. Fairfax Whelan, a water-color artist of ability and imagination, contributed a great deal to the charm of the programs and tickets which were liberally sprinkled with California poppies, pepper berries, eucalyptus blossoms and small California bears. One of her cards which delighted my soul was decorated with one of the little bears and a small Pacific seal. The caption which I still remember ran:

*This bear's witness to my love for you
As this seal doth attest.*

The carnivals were held in April or May. I do not remember how many there were but I can personally "attest" that there were four for I took part in that number. There were different classifications for the entries. First there were the large and elaborate floats drawn by four horses, then big carriages. These two were entered by the business houses. Then there were private carriages of all shapes and sizes occupied by beautiful young women, couples, or families. Lastly there were the saddle horses with classes for men and women, boys and girls. Satin banners, blue, red and white were awarded the prize winners and a cash prize accompanied each one. I don't know how much was given the floats and carriages but the saddle horse winners received \$15, \$10, and \$5 respectively, quite a munificent sum. Decorating a float or a carriage, or even a saddle horse, was no mean task. Every wheel and shaft was solidly covered with flowers and every inch of harness which couldn't be flower-decked was wound in harmonizing satin ribbon — bolts and bolts of it. I sometimes wonder in this synthetic age what has become of that cheap satin ribbon. Also what has become of the Cherokee and Banksia roses which lent themselves so gracefully to festooning shafts and traces and spokes. You never see them any more — but neither do you see shafts and traces and spokes. The decorated vehicles of sixty-odd years ago were vastly different in all respects from the ones in the modern rose parades, softer, simpler, less stylized, less formal, but none the less beautiful.

In the first of the four carnivals in which I took part I rode in the family surrey drawn by the family horse with my parents and my brother — a purely family affair — but in the second I was on a float with three other little maidens. It was entered by some business house but I don't know which one. We represented the four seasons and sat in large papier mache shells floating on a blue sea of plumbago. I was Summer in a long pink outfit wreathed in pink roses and Della Trenwith was Autumn in a yellow confection



The Judge Day carriage, decorated with 15,000 La Marque roses.

bedecked with autumn leaves and red poppies. Memory fails as to Spring and Winter. My next appearance was in a vast old-fashioned open landau completely covered with white roses. It was entered by the Great Wardrobe, our chief store dealing in men's apparel. Four small girls in white dresses and lovely lingerie hats with big lawn bows tied under the chin and carrying small white parasols rode proudly in this equipage. The lingerie hats were contributed by the Great Wardrobe and while they were specialists in men's wear they had excellent taste in the selection of women's millinery. That lingerie hat remained one of my most cherished possessions for several years.*

But my outstanding memory of those parades is when I rode on a white horse (sedately side-saddle) decorated tastefully in the violet-colored brodiaea, or wild onion. These flowers grew in quantity at that time on our neighboring hills and small boys picked great bunches of them which they sold for a few cents. Those boys were adept in finding out what flowers were in demand and where they were needed and our yard swarmed with them for several days before the parade. Thousands of flowers were used, for the horse wore a broad collar of them (mounted on wire) and every inch of the saddle including the cinch and most of the bridle were carefully covered. Other small girls riding that year included Amy Broome, Frances Cooper, Margaret Fulton and Clarinda Stafford, all friends. At least we were all friends before the parade although the friendship may have cooled slightly and temporarily after the awarding of the prizes.

The parade made three laps of the two blocks in front of the grandstands. The first lap was attended with great applause and throwing of bouquets of flowers. The battle was on. And a battle it truly was for the ammunition consisted of great bunches of flowers. This was no mere pelting with a single posy. It was more like being hit with a bunch of turnips — more so after the scavenging boys picked them up from under the horses' feet and sold them back to the combatants. The participants in the pageant returned the fire with a right good will and the air was a rain of flowers. The music blared and the startled horses danced. My mount was a jaded creature from a local livery stable and didn't do any dancing. Otherwise I might have had difficulty hurling flowers from my basket of ammunition, holding onto my hat in the breeze, and keeping my skirt modestly pulled down over my knee. On the second round the banners were awarded from the judges' stand (to my joy the first prize in the girls' division was captured by my horse) and the third round was made to show off the awards and to receive the plaudits of the spectators. A few battered bouquets were still exchanged but the first fine frenzy of battle had subsided.

To my disappointment I received no part of the fifteen dollars prize money. The glory was considered enough. The cash went for the hire of my livery-stable horse, five dollars, for the wire pieces made to pattern at Ott's to hold the decorations, for ribbon, for entry fees and for the flowers themselves. But as compensation I was taken to the Carnival Ball by my parents. We were merely spectators. Ball tickets for those dancing were far more costly and also demanded ball gowns and tail coats so we just sat on the sidelines. For several years the balls had been held in the big wooden "pavilion" down by the race-track where county fairs and such gatherings

*A photograph of this "stylish vehicle" is still extant.

took place. But one year just as the interior of the pavilion had been made into a fairyland by white pampas plumes* on all the uprights and crossbeams the structure caught fire and burned to the ground. Nothing daunted, the committee transferred the ball to the ballroom of the Arlington Hotel and it was there that I attended it. It had always been the custom for the ball to be preceded by some so-called "fancy dancing." Once this entertainment was a dance of the flowers with young children dressed as butterflies or bees darting hither and yon among the young Santa Barbara ladies garbed as flowers. I only knew of this delightful episode by description and by Mrs. Whelan's charming water-colors of the small insects but I always harbored a secret grudge in regard to them. It seemed to me that if children were old enough to be *in* the Carnival Ball certainly the rest of us were old enough to be *at* it.

But at last my turn came and I went to my first ball — a transcendental occasion. The preliminary entertainment that night was a minuet danced in the costumes of Louis Quatorze and as couple after couple glided into the ballroom to the slow and dignified measure of the minuet in their satin costumes and white wigs I was in a state of rapture I can still feel. There must have been six or eight sets of dancers of eight to a set and each set was in a different shade of gleaming pastel. All of the young men and women and younger married couples of Santa Barbara's "society" took part. Curiously enough the only person I can actually remember seeing in my dazzled condition was Herman Eddy but I am sure that I could hazard a very good guess as to many of the others. I was just becoming conscious of who was who in the young grown-up circle immediately preceding me.

When the general dancing began my parents and I left the gay scene and started home. As we debouched onto Victoria Street a cold hard rain was falling but nothing could dampen the radiance of this best of all carnivals. Perhaps these precursors of our present Old Spanish Days celebration are responsible for our still unquenchable fiesta spirit.

*Pampas plumes, then at the height of their popularity, were a big industry in Santa Barbara. Everyone with a few bushes marketed them. They were picked green and laid on the ground in the sun and were shaken and turned every day. A beautiful product resulted and they were shipped all over the world.

The Visit of President McKinley to Santa Barbara in 1901

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

By EDWARD S. SPAULDING

Though personal recollections that go back to one's tenth year on this mortal coil are notoriously unreliable, one phase of the President's visit to our community seems to be so sharply etched in my memory that I feel my recollection of it is reasonably close to what did take place in Santa Barbara at that time; and so I set it down here.

Santa Barbara in 1901, of course, was a much smaller and a much more bucolic center of population than it is today, more than half a century later. At that early time, State Street was paved with asphaltum; but all the other streets were of dirt. To the northwest, two miles from the beach, Mission

Street marked the limits of the City on that side. East Sola and North Milpas Streets were hardly more than trails that wandered pleasantly to an intersection at the base of the foothills. (I used to hunt ground squirrels in and around this intersection.) There were the tracks of a street railway system that had recently been converted from horse drawn to electric powered cars on the main street and on the West Boulevard, with two spurs, one of which ran from the Arlington Hotel to the Old Mission on the northeast and the other to the Cottage Hospital and Oak Park on the northwest. (I remember that I stood on State Street in front of the Arlington Hotel and had the Old Mission pointed out to me by one of my older brothers. It could be seen clearly from this place.) About this time a third spur was laid along East Haley Street to Milpas.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, operating "locals" that, running through San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, and Fillmore, had connected the town with the main line (the Valley Route) at Saugus; but now the Coast Route was completed and it was possible for Santa Barbarans to travel by railroad direct to Los Angeles and San Francisco. There were regular passenger and freight services by steamship, but it was largely due to the completion of the Coast Route that the presidential visit was arranged.

Great preparations were made to give Mr. McKinley a fitting reception. Those families that had well turned out carriages and teams were invited to have places in the cavalcade that was to carry the President and his party from the railroad station at the western end of Victoria Street, to the Arlington Hotel in the center of town. Each family so honored was given a particular flower with which to decorate its carriage. A coach drawn by four white horses and decorated, or covered, with rose buds of white tinged with pink (the color of the skin on the nostrils and flanks of the white horses) was to be prepared for the President's use. (I was told that the men and women who decorated this coach worked all night and through the morning to the time of the arrival of the presidential train so that the fragile buds would show as little wilt as possible when the great moment arrived.)

Our blossom was the most showy of the flowering acacias. After the body and wheels of our carriage were covered solidly with these yellow clusters, the vehicle was unrecognizable by me. Archibald Ballentine, one of the most distinguished whips of the community, was our driver. Our team was a handsome pair of big, glossy blacks whom Bal had gentled by years of the most careful and prideful handling. They had fine, full tails that reached to the ground and curly, flowing manes. (I remember that, when my father purchased these beautiful animals, the manes of both horses fell on the same side of the neck. It was a long and tedious process by which the nigh horse's mane was trained to fall naturally on the left side of the neck.)

All arrangements having been made and each family having received its instructions, a rivalry, or competition, at once developed among us that was no part whatever of the Reception Committee's plans. The problem that faced us men (please remember that, though I was but ten years old at the time, I was as ardent a partisan of our entry as were any of the others) was, of course, which driver would be able to bring his team so close to the railroad car that the dignitary who was to ride with him would be able to step from that car directly into the carriage. If it should chance that several drivers were able to accomplish this all but impossible feat, then the question was, which one would do it with the greatest dash and style.

At the proper time, all the decorated carriages, with the coach and four in the lead, were drawn up in their respective places in the street close to the railroad depot. When the presidential train came into the so-called station and slowed to a stop, men yelled and cheered enthusiastically, whistles blew, bells rang, and steam spurted in great clouds from the engine in a fine welcome to the President of the United States to Santa Barbara. (For many of us, this was our first chance to see a President and, consequently we felt honor bound to do our best.) It was all very stirring and stimulating. It certainly was stimulating to the horses drawn up to receive the incoming guests! In ordinary situations, these animals were terrified by the sight and sounds of a railroad train. In this extraordinary situation, they did everything but fly in their frantic efforts to leave the area.

There were men at the heads of the four white horses, of course, and a competent driver on the box; but by no efforts whatever could these men induce the frightened horses to approach closely the railroad carriage in which Mr. McKinley waited. In the end, to the mortification of everyone, the President was required to descend to the ground, to walk across the intervening space, and then to climb into the waiting coach.

The second carriage fared but little better than had the first, though, with but two horses to control, its driver had a much easier assignment than had had the driver of the big, lumbering coach with its four horses.

When, in due time, the signal to advance was given to us, Bal took our fine, gentle blacks up to the side of the train at a smart trot and stopped them so close to the iron steps that the waiting Secretary was able to step directly into the acacia-bedecked carriage!

There was a proud boy in Santa Barbara that day. For my money, Bal was the greatest horseman who ever saw the light of day. All that came after this spectacular triumph could only come in the nature of an anticlimax for me.

After a visit to the Old Mission, speeches on a platform on the Arlington Hotel driveway, and the most lavish luncheon that the community afforded, the President took position in the center of the large reception room of the hotel so that he might shake hands with the citizenry. As I stood in some wonderment and watched the long and closely compacted line of men and women move slowly through the wide door and into the reception room, I was pushed from behind by one of my elders into the line and told to go along with it. This was a new and a little understood experience for me. I had but the vaguest notion of what it was about. Presently, I found myself standing before a tubby, little man of unimpressive appearance. (I mean no disrespect whatever. The comparison, of course, was with my friend and mentor, Bal, a man of strong frame and fine, handlebar mustaches.) I took the extended hand and shook it briefly, as I thought I was supposed to do; and then, keeping my place in the ever moving line, I passed through the large reception room and into the hall beyond. Here, the lady who had insinuated me into the line in the other hallway was waiting for me. She pulled me to her with the satisfied statement: "Selden, when you are an old man, you can tell your grandchildren that you have shaken hands with the President of the United States." It seemed to me that she was taking a lot for granted. For my money, Bal still was the greatest horseman who ever saw the light of day. It is wonderful to be a small boy!



Los Banos del Mar — 1908.

The Great White Fleet Visits Santa Barbara

By HUGH J. WELDON

The Fleet was due about mid-afternoon of that far-off Sunday, April 26, 1908. All morning and early afternoon had seen crowds of people gathering along the Santa Barbara coast. My own vantage point, with a group of young people, friends and relatives, was on Franklin Hill, the eminence southwest of town now crowned with the television station. We were up there, long before the time set for arrival, with the whole great stage lying out before us: Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands to the right, Point Mugu and the Conejo Mountains on the left, and the broad sea lanes from the south spread out wide and open between. The weather was perfect, the kind that loyal Santa Barbarans insist is perfectly normal—anything else being most unusual. The sea was calm and windless, with a film of light mist across the sky.

Just what international tensions had prompted "Teddy" Roosevelt to send the Great White Fleet around the world are known to history, but are not recalled by the writer. It was a momentous decision and undoubtedly had a powerful impact on world affairs. To most of us, however, the big thing was that the Fleet, steaming from the Atlantic to the Pacific on its way around the world, would visit our small city, then probably holding only some eight or nine thousand souls. Why it should come here was not known to us younger folk, nor did we care. That it was coming was all we needed to know.

For months we had followed, through the newspapers, the progress of the Fleet, as it visited the countries of South America, with almost breathless interest. And now, the sixteen great battleships were ponderously steaming across the Pacific, calling at San Diego and Los Angeles, coming closer and closer to our small city.

The great moment had at last arrived, and there was an air of suspense, watchfulness and anticipation, all up and down the Coast. There were not

many people up on Franklin Hill, although I think we had the choicest ring-side seat of all. It was high enough to look out over all the great scene, and from the brow of the hill we could look straight southeast where the fabulous Fleet was due to appear.

The memory of the first glimpse of the Fleet has slipped my memory; but never will I forget the sight of the sixteen great white ships slowly and majestically steaming toward Santa Barbara, gliding over the blue waters of the Channel, in two long parallel lines. There was no sound. The whole vast stage of mountains, ocean and islands, was quiet. Plumes of smoke drifted up from the funnels and slowly off to windward. The great ships came on.

Much as we hate war, and all that goes with it, if there were on this earth a greater man-made sight than we saw that day, the two lines of heavy battlewagons, powerful and disciplined, proudly flying the Stars and Stripes which they were to carry around the world, it would be hard to find. And there we were, just a group of ordinary young Americans, sitting on a hill-side above the Bay, in the bright April sunshine, silently watching the great ships steaming toward us.

Subsequent events, however, are not so clear, and for more vivid recollections I have called on others.

Paul Sweetser was in High School at the time and he, with a group of students, was watching the pageant of the Fleet's arrival, on the cliff near the Dibblee mansion.

He recalls this incident in connection with the Floral Parade. Stewart Edward White, the famous author, had charge of planning for part of the Parade. In preparing for it, he visited the High School, and gathered together a number of the students to prepare small bouquets of flowers, so constructed that each one would fit into a gun barrel. They were called together in Miss Levy's classroom at the High School, where Mr. White gave them their instructions. The boys were to gather the flowers, and Paul went all around his neighborhood, getting a supply of yellow and white marguerites. There must have been many carnations, also, as Selden Spaulding remembers them particularly. Mr. White had the arrangements well organized, so that each boy, or small group, was to make bouquets for a certain squadron, and they were told to meet at the Wharf at a certain time, with the designation of his, or their, particular squadron. They took the bouquets down to the Wharf in washtubs, to keep them fresh. Paul's recollection is somewhat vague, but he thinks that a group of women was there, to put the bouquets in the gun barrels as the sailors passed in formation from the Wharf into State Street. Selden's memory agrees with this.

For several months before the arrival of the Fleet, thirty-two High School students, of whom Sweetser was one, had been assembled and taught to dance the Contradanza. Their instructor was Maria de los Angeles Ruiz, well-known in later years for her Fiesta groups. Authentic Spanish-American costumes were designed by Miss Ruiz, and largely made by her.

At the Plaza del Mar, a large tent had been erected, with the fountain, happily remembered by older residents of our city, in the center. Canvas was spread over the pavement for the dancers, and seats were set up in tiers all around, circus-fashion. Apparently, the affair was mostly for officers of the Fleet, and invited townspeople, and was a most sumptuous entertainment. Society women, each dressed to represent a different flower, in costumes

that were somewhat daring for that day, performed "The Dance of the Flowers". Then the group of youngsters, to the music of guitar and violin, marched down the aisle, and gave their Contradanza. Inez de la Guerra Dibblee, the city's beloved Queen of the Dance, famous for her artistry, danced the lively Mexican dances, to the sound of guitar and the lilting Spanish music.

Another one who was there recalls that it was all most beautiful, and this being her first experience of the kind, she was entranced and bemused. She has a recollection of a great deal of gold, whether of flowers or of costumes, she cannot clearly remember, but probably both.

Paul Sweetser also recalls that the performance was given in the evening, and the tent was lighted with electricity—not then in such plentiful supply as now. The resources of the Edison Company were strained, and the private electrical supply of the Potter Hotel was called upon for supplementary current.

Selden Spaulding's memories are quite vivid, and he has given me the benefit of some of them.

Of the visit of the Fleet he gives a few general facts which, though interesting, have little or no relation to specific episodes of the lively days during which the battleships lay at anchor off Santa Barbara. This was the most powerful fleet, as far as firepower was concerned, that at this time had ever been assembled anywhere in the world. Curiously, from today's point of view, there were no destroyers, colliers, cruisers, or other ships smaller than the battleship, in the Fleet's makeup—and of course, no aircraft carriers!

Each battleship had a complement of about a thousand officers and men, the latter consisting of enlisted personnel. The men, therefore, were much different from those we know today, much tougher on the average than the drafted men of modern navy crews. Selden does not recall the exact number of men in the local police force, available to cope with the thousands of sailors on shore leave. There was a Captain, a lieutenant or two, and several patrolmen, possibly ten men in all. Also, there was the Sheriff, with two or three deputies. Obviously, these peace officers did not amount to much in strength, when confronted by thousands of tough sailors. The Navy, therefore, sent into the town regular shore patrols, with hired livery wagons to take to the boat landing such sailors as became disorderly—and there were quite a few of these.

The Commander of the Fleet was Admiral Robley D. Evans, commonly known as "Fighting Bob", who had begun his career during the Civil War, and had served with distinction in the Spanish-American War, where he had gained his sobriquet. He was an old man now. This was his last command, and by the time he arrived in Santa Barbara, he was a sick man. He was brought ashore on a stretcher and taken to the Potter Hotel. From there he was carried to the railroad depot and taken by train to Paso Robles, for medical treatment at the famous hot springs, and possibly because it was felt that the doctors in Santa Barbara were not sufficiently skilled to take care of so important an Admiral. This was "Fighting Bob's" last appearance on active duty; he never rejoined the Fleet.

Because the cruise had been widely publicised for almost a year, there had been ample time to make preparations for its reception. The city, of course, had made elaborate official plans. Other groups, entirely different

in composition and character, had also made elaborate plans. These were restaurateurs, amusement specialists, gamblers, "skin game" artists, and other types of legitimate and semi-legitimate operators, as well as acknowledged crooks and vultures who made it their business to prey on the easily available sailors. These people, starting at San Diego, went from town to town as the Fleet progressed slowly northward. Almost every vacant lot, and there were many such lots on State Street in those days, was rented by these gentry, and hastily constructed, cheap booths, colorful with red, white and blue bunting, were set up. Almost every vacant building became a restaurant for the brief visitation of the Fleet.

The amusements and entertainments planned by the Community were of a different and more wholesome nature. There were horseback rides. And for some unknown reason, many a sailor who had never sat on a horse's back took much pleasure in bouncing roughly in a saddle as the horse under him, sensing the complete strangeness of his rider, trotted, loped and galloped stiff-leggedly, fighting the tight rein and the inexperienced heavy hand. There were beach teas, dinners, elaborate dances in the ballroom of the Potter Hotel, and very many private parties in the homes of the citizenry—most of these, however, being for the officers.

By mid-afternoon of the eventful day, Selden recalls, he sat with his brothers on the little mound on which is now located the Mar Monte Hotel, their horses cropping the grass behind them. Eagerly they scanned the eastern horizon for the first sight of the long-heralded Fleet. At first, they made out a smudge of smoke, lying low along the far waterline. Then, shortly, two or three ships became visible, tiny specks where sky and water met in the open space between Point Mugu and Anacapa Island. Quickly, other ships appeared, until they counted fifteen of them, in two long lines, heading up the Channel as though they planned to pass by Santa Barbara. Presently, the sixteenth ship, the Nevada, he thinks, appeared, lagging well behind the others. It had been forced to drop out of the line earlier because of engine trouble.

Then, after the ships had come into clear view of the coast, they changed course, and headed, by an oblique turn to the right, straight for the waterfront. Then they changed course again, each ship turning obliquely to the left, and continued up the Channel on a course parallel to the one they were steering when they first came into view. Finally, at the proper moment, they turned as one to the right once more, shut off power, and came gliding silently straight into the harbor. At the right moment, a flag went up on the flagship, and the anchor chains rattled in unison, as the huge ships came to rest, each one in its allotted place. It was the first time that the people of the town had ever seen a great fleet maneuver, and the effect on the watching crowds was almost hypnotic.

With the rattling of the anchor chains, every noise-making apparatus in the town burst every restraint. Whistles blew, bells rang, men yelled, women screamed. It was pandemonium for a little while. As Selden says, it was the most thrilling spectacle that he had ever seen or ever was to see, and he yelled with the others.

Of the episodes that followed on the arrival of the ships, he remembers two or three with some clarity. There was much drunkenness, of course, although it was a quiet sort of drunkenness. All the twenty-five licensed saloons had been closed by order of the City Council, but the numerous

blind pigs, the "restaurant licenses", and the newly moved-in purveyors of strong drink and other satisfactions did an enormous business which was more or less unrestrained. There was an occasional fight on the street, a great deal of sprawling on the grass in the parks and residential lawns, and much rather aimless wandering about the town. From the point of view of the townspeople, the situation was well-handled by the shore patrols.

Up and down State Street, the amusement booths did a large and continuous business, not only with the sailors, but also with the many visitors, who had come from inland areas to be a part of the great spectacle. On one lot, an entrepreneur from none of us know where had set up a bunting-bedecked counter, on which lay a couple of dozen cheap baseballs. Behind this, at about thirty feet, he had installed a negro with his head thrust through an old horsecollar. There always was a crowd around this booth. At one time, three sailors stopped in front of the counter, and each one laid down a quarter. Each received three baseballs, and one of them swung his arm widely and threw hard and straight at the negro's head. At the same instant, the other two, without any windup, also threw hard and straight. The frightened man in the horsecollar dodged two of the balls, but the third one struck him squarely on the top of the head. It was a mean trick to play; but the sailors, with a laugh, moved away from the counter and on up the street.

One evening, in one of the five-day restaurants, there was real trouble. Two sailors entered the place, and, sitting down at a table ordered a steak dinner. This was served to them without too much delay. At this time, the standard price of a T-bone steak dinner was seventy-five cents. When they had finished, the sailors were presented with a seven dollar bill. Quite properly, they refused to pay it. There was an argument, and presently one of the Santa Barbara patrolmen was summoned to settle the dispute. Looking at the set faces that surrounded him, he became very unhappy. His sympathies were strongly with the sailors, but his duty demanded that he be impartial. Not knowing what else to do, he asked the sailors if they had inquired about prices before they had ordered, and they had to admit they had not.

"Then, boys", he said, "I guess you'll have to pay the bill."

Taking out his purse, one of the sailors paid the bill without further argument, and the two left the restaurant in a silence that was painful. The officer sighed with relief, and went on his way.

Not long after, the restaurant suddenly, and quite unaccountably, filled with sailors. They came in through the front door, and the back door, and through smashed windows. Grabbing table legs, chairs, anything that could be wielded as a club, they began systematically to wreck the place. They did a quick and thorough job; and when they had finished, nothing remained in the room much larger than splinters.

A shrill whistle blew on the sidewalk. The men of a shore patrol, with jaws thrust purposefully forward and night clubs swinging, entered the demolished room. They found it completely empty—not a sailor was to be seen. Every one of them had disappeared, melting away as silently and as quickly as they had come. Obviously, the whole incident had been carefully planned, and was the direct result of much similar, unfair treatment that the sailors had met with in cities the fleet had visited previously.

Of the huge parade that was held one morning of the Fleet's visit, Spaulding says that it was a tremendously stirring affair. The rhythmic sound of thousands of marching feet, the flying banners, the band music,



Ronald Thomas, costumed in White Berkshire roses, for a typical early Santa Barbara fete.



Herter carriage in 1908 parade. The lady with parasol is Mrs. Herter, mother of our present Secretary of State. Also shown are Miss Dorothy Edwards and Miss Dorothy Shuman.

and the rolling drums and blaring bugles of the Navy bugle and drum corps, were irresistably thrilling to the spectators who lined the sidewalks. And, as mentioned before, as the sailors marched up State Street, each man sported a small bouquet in the muzzle of his Mauser rifle.

The Fleet left Santa Barbara in the very early morning, five days after arrival, so early that very few indeed were the citizens who appeared on the boulevard to wave farewell.

Since this story is made up of personal memories, and such memories after the lapse of fifty-two years are vague, we cannot claim this to be a definitive story of the Fleet's visit. For this we are regretful, as that was one of the great events of Santa Barbara's history, and could be set forth with fascinating wealth of detail if the memories could be tapped of more of those who were there and who are still living.

Primavera, The Masque of Santa Barbara

By LITTI PAULDING

*"Sweet ladies, genial gentlemen, this day
Glittereth like a jewel brightly placed
To mark the joining of old Winter's storm
To summer's balm, upon the diadem
Of Youth and spring which crowns the splendid year.*

*"So come we hither to call back the Past
Into a new presentment of the hours
When smiling Nature at her kindest ruled
This newer Eden. By its radiant shores
Cabrillo sails and Vizcaino floats
And names our channel Santa Barbara;*

....

*"Such ancient things ye'll see, but chiefly see
Amid our birds and flowers and butterflies
Bright Primavera, spirit of this place
For ever young, with blossomy dancing Months
To make this mirthful Holiday. Behold!"*

Thus did "Primavera, The Masque of Santa Barbara," start on April 28, 1920 in the loveliest broad swale in all the town, on Garden and De la Guerra Streets. From all accounts, the Masque, written by Wallace Rice, was the most beautiful and inspiring of all the plays or pageants written about Santa Barbara's Spanish past.

Hundreds of Santa Barbarans took part, Irving Pichel came from Berkeley to be technical director and to play the part of El Barbareno, the commentator, who spoke the verse above and told the story as it unfolded. Mary Schauer was Primavera.

Santa Barbara was a small town in the 1920's, fragrant in the spring with the blossoms of flowering trees, roses and many other flowers. State Street still had some wooden sidewalks and a wooden awning or two. The streets were dulcet with the sound of the Spanish language being spoken by well dressed Spanish Californians and by newly-arrived Mexicans, the women with black rebosas covering their heads. East De la Guerra Street was not paved. The old brick City Hall, with jail and fire station, was in the middle of De la Guerra Plaza. The Daily News was in its old adobe right back of it and the Plaza was almost lined with adobes.

Those were sweet times. I know because I came a year later. World War I was barely over, and the whole town had learned to work together for the soldiers overseas, and the ones here doing war work.

So when the late James B. Rickard suggested to a group of friends that a masque with music and dancing be staged, re-living the "dulce far niente" days of the Spanish regime, the idea was received happily. Mr. Rickard, an eastern lawyer, had married the lovely Acacia Orena, and he learned about the idyllic life of her forbears and their contemporaries. Everyone was so happy about his idea that he was made president of La Primavera

Association. La Primavera was incorporated October 30, 1919, and a charming seal wreathed with golden poppies was made. Centered is the Old Mission, with sun's rays upon it. Officers and directors make an impressive list, showing the town was solidly back of the masque.

Samuel Hume of Berkeley, who came often to play here, was general director; Arthur Farwell was musical director. For the first time in Santa Barbara at an open-air performance, there was stage lighting. It was Mr. Pichel's idea, but the lighting installed and operated by C. J. Holzmüller. Mr. Pichel came back to Santa Barbara several years later to direct the Community Arts Plays at Lobero. The old Grand Opera House, its adobe wall hidden by board and batton, covered the old adobe walls of the original Lobero Theatre, built in 1872 by Jose Lobero. This was replaced in 1924 by the handsome new Lobero Theatre.

The swale where the masque was given will hardly be recognized now, but some beautiful old sycamores still stand as sentinals of the past. The swale was a natural amphi-theater, a small one but perfect for the masque. Santa Barbarans looked on from windows of Neighborhood House, and others sat on the hillside and watched unfold in song and dance the beautiful story of the town in its Spanish-California days. It is said 8,000 Santa Barbarans saw the masque.

El Barbareno tells the story. He was Irving Pichel and he also took the part of Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, the first white man to see this coast.

The spirit of the place is Primavera, he tells them, as lovely Mary Shauer comes dancing onto the stage, followed by the Dancing months in their order — Esther Janssens, Malanie Brindage, Irma Carteri, Aileen Foxen Stewart, Emma Orella, Frances Harrison, Frances Ellsworth, Nellie Roedel, Helen and Ethel Harmer, Eleanor Beverly and Annie Acquistapace. Follow the Indians and their idol, which the padres cast down and replaced by the cross. The idol comes to life as the mischief maker Duende, who was Edwin Poffley, formerly of the English stage, and a Community Arts and Players actor.

Arthur Farwell was the musical director and the beautiful songs and music were largely in manuscript form, taken out of old Spanish leather trunks, some numbers being heard for the first time.

Act I, the coming of the Cross, brought on to the stage El Barbareno, Primavera as Genius Loci, the dancing Months, the Duende, Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo (Manuel Carrillo); Sebastian Vizcaino (Milton Kranz), Indian Chief (Reed Hollingsworth), Padre (Albert Oscar), Spanish Comandante (Gus Janssens), the soldiers, sailors, Indian youths and maidens, and soldiers of Spain.

Primavera and her Months dance to the singing of the choristers. The choristers sing a very old song, said to have been heard for the first time since Spanish days. It was the song of dawn, "Las Mananitas":

*"Mananitas, Mananitas,
Mananitas de placer,
Asi estaban las mananas,
Cuando te empece a querer;
Que si, que no, que cuando,
El general lo mando,
Soldados, armas al hombro,
Chatita ya anahecio.*

*"Los pajaritos alegres,
Cuando llega el mes de Abril,
Salen con sus gorriñoncitos
A los campos a dormir."*

The comandante comes. "El Hymne de Riego" is played. The standard of Spain is set up. The soldiers and the friars and Indians leave. Primavera and her Months fade into the shrubbery.

The shrubbery is still on the east banks of swale and consists of giant tuna plants with the spiked leaves and fruit. Above them is the Pedotti house built and owned by the late artist Dudley Carpenter. On the top of the little ridge is the old Miranda adobe, now owned by Mrs. A. L. Murphy Vhay. The AWVS houses for senior citizens are on the floor of the swale now. Almost ever since the first Old Spanish Days Fiesta, it was occupied by the Mexican dance floor, the band stand and fiesta cafe. Mr. Carpenter from the first Fiesta has had a fiesta party Fiesta Saturday night. Among his first guests were neighbors, Mrs. Max Schott and daughters. One daughter, Mrs. Pedotti, who bought his house, carries on this tradition, with music and dancing in the garden overlooking the swale. Mrs. Vhay has also entertained jointly in the charming old adobe adjoining the Carpenter place. The guests often went down to the Mexican dance hall to dance.

Irving Pichel in the prologue to the second act of the Masque, where Spain has yielded to Mexican rule, offers these lines:

*"'Tis yours to mark the amiable life
Here, where our amethystine mountains clad
In roseate mists leap to our silver sea
And everlasting summer holds our skies.
Note how well our Missioners have toiled,
Leading the souls of their once savage folk
Toward heaven, while their hands are turned
To profitable labor in the fields.
So hither doughty Boston traders wend."*

When I came to Santa Barbara in 1921, everyone was talking about the beauty of Primavera, and hoping that the masque would become an annual festival. I don't know who loved the masque more—the Spanish families represented by hundreds in the masque and among the spectators, or the Anglo-Saxon residents or visitors. In timing, the masque came fairly close to the city's most romantic period. Many Spanish Californians and Anglos as well were born in the 1850's, and their children heard first hand about the Spanish days. There was even an occasional sailing ship in the roadstead, and at the time of the masque the channel had a busy traffic of ships. The Humboldt was the last of the passenger and freight ships to make Santa Barbara a port of call. Lumber ships came regularly.

The ranches and the country were closer to the town. Alexander Harmer was painting his charming pictures of the Californians in Santa Barbara, at work and play. The schools were interested in the Masque, and various schools provided dance groups or choristers. The Native Daughters of the Golden West Reina del Mar Parlor, kept alive the customs and history.

One of its members, Mrs. Hermenia de la Guerra Lee, wrote La Primavera march. Early California songs were contributed by Mrs. Lee's sister, Mrs. Thomas B. Dibblee, her niece Miss Delfina de la Guerra, and also by

Senora Maria Antonia Arata, who was taught music by the padres at the Old Mission when she was a child. Rev. Father Serra also contributed musical numbers.

Some of the songs that were sung included "La Nochestá Serena" and "Adios, Adios Amores" — recorded and translated by Charles F. Lummis, a good friend of Santa Barbara, and transcribed and harmonized by Arthur Farwell, musical director of La Primavera. A kinsman of Mr. Farwell's, Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, a resident of Montecito, had a great deal to do with the Masque. He was 3rd vice-president and one of the directors. He had lived in Spain and had been decorated for his interest.

Kem Weber, who designs houses, designed the costumes for La Primavera.

Act I has been the "Coming of the Cross, with El Barbareno Primavera as Genius Loci, Cabrillo, soldiers and sailors, the Padre, comandante.

The stage is set for Act II. It is the period when the families of the soldiers and other householders from Spain and Mexico have arrived, and have brought their customs, their songs and dances to this Royal Presidio town.

The padres have taught the Indians to plant and harvest and to work in their native crafts, and those learned at the Mission.

In the town, the young girls and young men sing and dance the songs and dances their parents have taught them. Senorita Maria de los Angeles Ruiz taught them. They dance in the courtyard of the comandante's house which has been masked for the first act.

Taking part in Act II in addition to the ones in Act I were the Spanish dona (Emma Welch Harris), First Senorita (Mary Overman), American sea captain (Harry J. Hambly, Jr.), Mexican Comandante (William Ashworth), the Second dona (Mary Overman), Mrs. Stephen Geoffrey Gates as the Second Senorita, American Army officer (Floyd Emery Brewster.) The premiere danseuse was Inez Dibblee, but she was taken ill just before the performance and her place was taken by Geraldine Valde. Among their numbers were "Sin Ti" (Without You) and "Sombrero Blanco", the Mexican hat dance.

In the first act where the American traders arrive with gifts and trading goods, the Duende persuades the Ship's captain to elope with the Captain's daughter, but this elopement is foiled. According to those in charge it was impossible to convert Mr. Poffley, a delightful player with a completely bald head, into a Duende, so they adapted the part of the Duende to Mr. Poffley. In the second scene the Mexicans conquer the Spaniards, take the lands of the Mission. The Mexican flag is raised and the Mexican comandante claims the hand of the Comandante's daughter.

The charming, familiar story comes in Act III. The Americans have taken California and Santa Barbara. The American captain sings an old ballad, "Ellen Bayne." The second senorita sings "Noche Serena". Her father sings "My Work is done now, My daughter's love has made your flag mine. Down comes yon banner; it is mine no more."

The bridegroom replies: "Our gratitude be blessings on thy head."
And from the Comandante:

*"It is a day that Paradise might know.
Rejoice then. Sound the music. Lead the dance.
Welcome our guests. It is a holiday."*

Follows "El Baile," with dances "En Son", "La Joto", "La Contradanza", and a grand finale with the singing of the choristers. The American officers and the sailors of the United States hoist the Stars and Stripes.

One young spectator was John T. Rickard, who was too young to remember much about it, but he recalls the Primavera flag, red white and yellow with a St. Barbara's Tower in the corner. It was made the official flag of Santa Barbara in 1925, by a city hall resolution. It was a dark red castle with three stars.

On the morning of April 29, the day after the Masque, more than 1,000 school children, dressed in white, with sashes and headbands of Primavera colors, paraded State Street, grouped in formations about Maypoles decked with La Primavera ribbons and many flowers. The parade started at the Arlington Hotel and marched to the beach. That night there were public dances at the Ambassador and Arlington Hotels, the Elks Club, St. Aloysius Hall and Recreation Center. The members of the Masque staff attended in costume. Some of the dances and songs were repeated. The orchestra was in Spanish costume, the bands traveling from one dance to another.

Andrée Clark Bird Refuge

By DWIGHT MURPHY

The Andrée Clark Bird Refuge is located at the eastern approach to Santa Barbara and lies between the property of the Southern Pacific Company, Cabrillo Boulevard, and the property formerly owned by Mrs. John H. Child which is now owned by the City of Santa Barbara. Mrs. W. A. Clark's home, "Bellosguardo", is south of Cabrillo Boulevard and overlooks this area. This bird sanctuary is comprised of thirty-one acres and creates a picturesque entrance to the city.

Before this area was developed into its present form, storm waters and high tides partially covered it during the winter months; however, in the summer months the land became dry. In the early 1880's this area was owned by Mr. John Bradley, a breeder of trotting horses, and during the summer months he held trotting races at this location. For many years this property was referred to as "Bradley's Pond" or "Bradley's Track". Mr. John Bradley was the father of Mark Bradley who served for many years as Recorder of the County of Santa Barbara.

In 1909 this area, as well as adjoining property, was purchased by a committee of citizens and sold to the City of Santa Barbara for \$7,364.27. Thereafter this location was known as "The Salt Pond". The property remained unimproved after it was acquired by the city although many suggestions were made for its use—one of which that the area be dredged and used for an inner-harbor. It was not until 1928 that the improvement to the "Salt Pond" was accomplished. This was made possible by an offer from Mrs. W. A. Clark to provide the funds needed to beautify this area. The following circumstances and events are recalled as having a direct bearing on this project:

In the Spring of 1928 Mrs. Clark requested the writer's permission to take several guests to see the Palomino horses at Los Prietos Ranch in the Santa Ynez Valley. Mrs. Clark and her guests were invited to stay for lunch

and it was during this visit that Mrs. Clark asked if the city had made any plans for the development of the "Salt Pond". When she learned that the city had no plans for such a project, she requested the writer, who was a member of the City Park Board, to have a plan prepared for improving and beautifying this area.

Mr. Ralph Stevens, a noted landscape architect, and a member of the City Park Board, was requested to prepare a plan for the development of this area, and he conceived the idea of developing the "Salt Pond" into a sanctuary for wild fowl by creating a fresh water lake with two islands in the center and a path around the lake so that visitors might view the birds on the lake at close range. His plan also included the planting of shrubbery on the islands and the area bordering the lake. This plan was taken to Eugene Brown, City Engineer, for an estimate of the cost of the work, exclusive of the planting, and he estimated the work involved would cost approximately \$50,000.00.

The proposed plan and the estimate for the cost of the work were presented to Mrs. Clark and she stated she would be glad to contribute the amount required for this improvement. She stated it was her desire to make this gift in memory of her late daughter, Andrée. The Park Board received the approval of the City Council to proceed with the improvement as outlined, and bids were obtained for the necessary earth fills for the islands and the walks around the lake as well as the development of the well and pipe line to supply fresh water.

Thus this area became known as the Andrée Clark Bird Refuge where visitors to this location may observe many species of wild ducks, snow geese and other waterfowl when they stop here on their flight south during the winter months as well as the many water birds that make this sanctuary their permanent home.

June 1, 1960

Director's Report

ADVISORY LANDMARK COMMITTEE

Your Historical Society has successfully sponsored a resolution creating The Santa Barbara Advisory Landmark Committee. Introduced by Councilman Frank Arguelles, it was passed unanimously by the Council of the City of Santa Barbara on May 10, 1960 and approved and signed by Mayor Edward Abbott. The resolution is as follows:

RESOLUTION CREATING THE SANTA BARBARA ADVISORY LANDMARK COMMITTEE NO. 4125

WHEREAS, The City of Santa Barbara has outstanding historical significance, and

WHEREAS, This historical significance has been recognized by the city in the creation of the Architectural Board of Review, Ordinance No. 2228 as amended and El Pueblo Viejo Ordinance No. 2759, and

WHEREAS, Santa Barbara's historical landmarks should be preserved and interpreted for the benefit of its citizens and visitors.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the City of Santa Barbara, through its mayor, officially appoints an historical landmark advisory committee, composed of nine members, that are best qualified to carry out the purposes of this resolution,

BE IT RESOLVED that this landmark committee shall make an inventory of historic sites and structures in Santa Barbara, as well as public and private structures having architectural and aesthetic importance and significance so that the Architectural Board of Review and the Building and Planning departments may have such an inventory list for their reference and use, and

BE IT RESOLVED that this committee recommend the marking of historic sites and structures, including the type of markers, and

BE IT RESOLVED that this landmark committee act in an advisory capacity to all the agencies of the city, including the Mayor and City Council, Building Department, Planning Department and to the Architectural Board of Review and others, in the preservation and interpretation of Santa Barbara's historic sites and structures and in an advisory capacity relating to the exterior architectural design of building and alteration of structures in the El Pueblo Viejo and other future designated historic areas.

BE IT RESOLVED that this advisory committee co-operate with all private and public agencies or organizations and historical societies in the marking and preservation and interpretation of Santa Barbara's historical landmarks.

Mayor Abbott, with the approval of the Council, appointed the following members of this landmark committee:

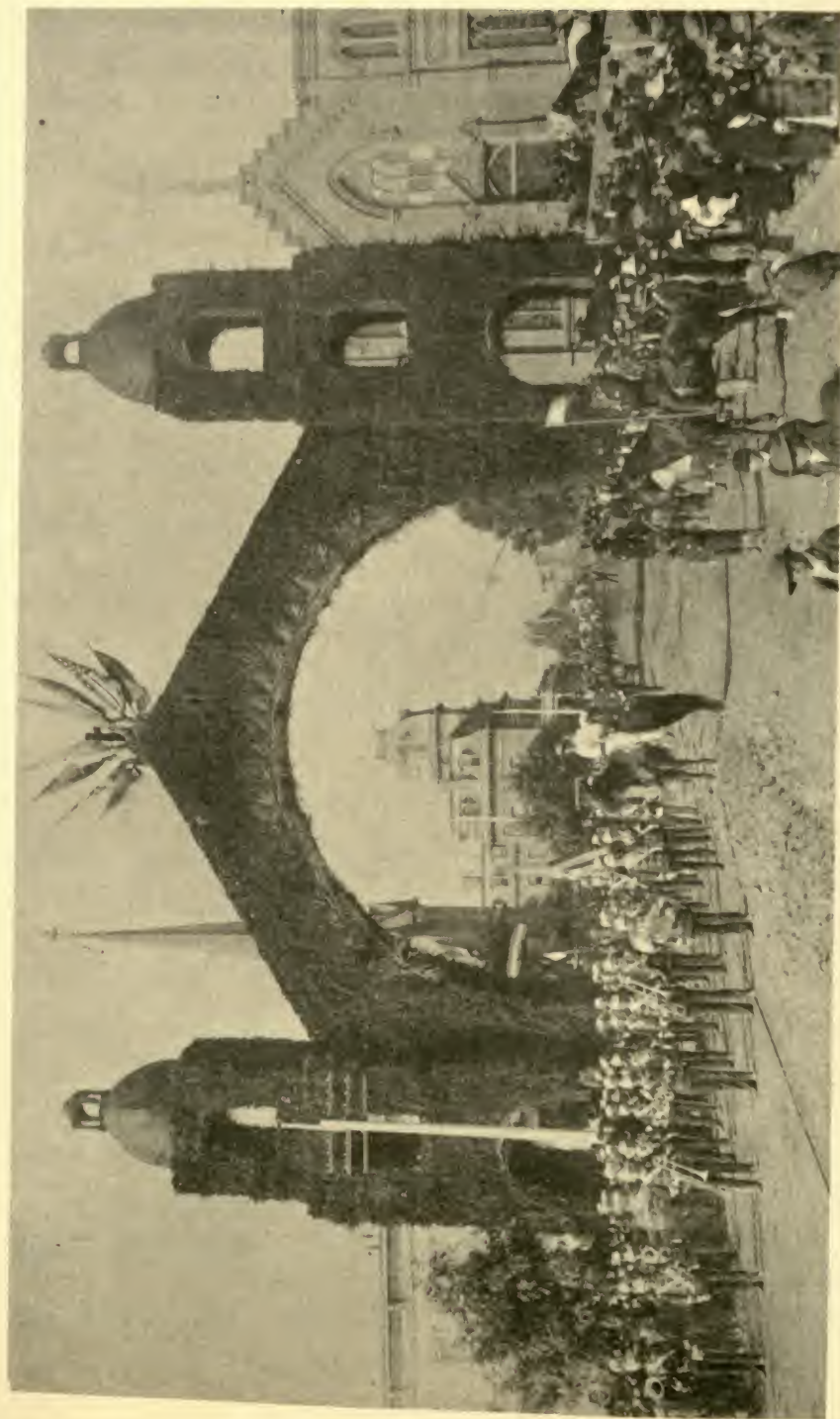
Mr. Paul Sweetser, Historian and lawyer, Chairman
Miss Lulah Riggs, Fellow and Preservation Officer A.I.A.
Mr. Robert Ingle Hoyt, Chairman of Local A.I.A.
Mrs. Elizabeth de Forest, Landscape Garden Architect
Mrs. Eileen Dismuke, Governor's Landmark Committee
Miss Pearl Chase, Plans and Planting
Mr. Wallace Penfield, Engineer and Planning
Mr. John Galvin, Spanish California History
Mr. W. Edwin Gledhill, Museum Director, Santa Barbara Historical Society

The duty of this committee by authority of the resolution was to make a list of historic adobes and buildings and structures of sufficient aesthetic and community interest to be permanently preserved. The directive was El Pueblo Viejo Ordinance.

178TH BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON

On April 21st the Santa Barbara Historical Society luncheon, celebrating the City's 178th birthday, was held at El Paseo. The guest speaker was Dr. Lesley Byrd Simpson. His subject was Jose Longinos Martinez, Santa Barbara's first scientist, Circa 1792. On October 10, 1786 Spain's last great Monarch, Charles III, at the suggestion of Don Jose de Galvez, authorized a scientific expedition to new Spain, which included two botanists and a naturalist under the direction of Dr. Martin Sessé. Jose Longinos Martinez was appointed the naturalist. Dr. Simpson gave us a most interesting, amusing and informative talk based on the journal of Martinez, which he had translated. It contained this cantankerous naturalist's observation of the Santa Barbara area in these early days.

Dr. Charles Camp, historian, accompanied Dr. Simpson on his trip from Berkeley.



Arch and towers, on State Street, designed and built especially for an early 1900 pageant.

Before these distinguished historians left for the North, they met with the Board of the Society and were very impressed with the collection of material in our library.

EXHIBITS

The American exhibition (1850 to 1925) closed on June 18th. The Museum will open the Spanish-California exhibit on August 1st with a preview tea for members and exhibitors.

Of special interest in the new exhibition will be the portrait of Ramona Loranzano that was painted by Leonardo Barbieri in 1850 at his studio in the Carrillo adobe. Beautifully restored by Mr. Helmer Erickson and presented to the Society by Mrs. Hope Tryce and her family, it is another important link closely connecting us with our historic past.

FERNALD HOUSE

Progress is being made on the interior of the Fernald house by the Special Projects Committee. The music room, library and dining room have been professionally painted through the generosity of a friend. The Special Projects Committee raised the money to paint the kitchen and pantry and the following members of the committee gave unstintingly of their time and did an outstanding job of the cleaning and painting: Mrs. James H. Dazey, Mrs. Bertie de L'Arbre, Mrs. George Finley, Mrs. John Locklin, Mrs. Arnett Nall, Mrs. Milo Maier. They are planning to have a series of coffee hours and teas during the summer and fall in this historic house.

The latest project is a trek to Vandenberg Air Force Base with luncheon at the officers' club and a tour of the Base. Reservations have been made for 75.

By the time this goes to press we hope the first coat of paint will be on the outside of the old land mark. Not much work can be done to the garden until the State completes the underpass on Castillo Street, but plans are in the making for an attractive garden when the road work is finished.

We wish to express our gratitude to the following donors for their generous contributions:

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Miss Pearl Chase
Mr. Harold S. Chase
Mr. Elias J. Cota
Misses Yris and Aurora Covarrubias
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Historia Abreviada de la Fiesta

By THOMAS J. McDERMOTT

After the first Old Spanish Days in Santa Barbara Fiesta in 1924 they added up the bills and announced, with some awe, that it had cost "more than \$5,000"—a wistful memory today.

Dedicated that first year to the opening of the new Lobero Theater, the stated purpose of Fiesta was (and is) "to perpetuate the customs of early-day Santa Barbara." The whole town cooperated, everyone dressed in costume, the streets and stores were decorated, businesses closed down, and Santa Barbara reverted to the pleasant ways of Old Spanish Days, with the rattle of castanets and dancing in the streets, a parade—with a Fiesta Queen chosen in a "Señorita Santa Barbara" contest—and a kangaroo court to condemn Barbareños who did not, or could not, raise sideburns and moustachios.

There was even, as there must always be, a crisis. The group scheduled to stage the landing of Cabrillo found itself committed to be in San Diego for some other event at the same time. So the first of those who left town during Fiesta did so for the first Fiesta. But many more came to Santa Barbara for Fiesta, and the Kiwanis Club brought Cabrillo safely ashore, ending the first crisis.

In 1925 came the second crisis—a crisis for more than Fiesta—the earthquake. But just a month later there was a little Fiesta in Peabody Stadium—the first Fiesta night pageant, Charles Pressley's "A Night in Spain," and in 1926 there was again a full-fledged Fiesta, celebrating the rebuilding of the stricken city. Such men as Pressley, Harry Sweetser, Sam Stanwood, and Dwight Murphy simply would not let Fiesta die, any more than they would abandon Santa Barbara to rubble.

Murphy, a man of great civic interest, was El Presidente through those first three years, to be succeeded by Stanwood, who held the office until 1947—and who, with Pressley and Sweetser, held Fiesta together year after year. Sweetser (father of Paul Sweetser) was the dedicated enthusiast of California history and tradition, Pressley the organizer and showman who served as general manager of the entire Fiesta year after year.

The 1927 Fiesta was dedicated to the completion of the restoration of the Mission. It had all happened before—more than a hundred years before. In 1812 an earthquake so damaged the church of the Mission that it could not be used. A new church was completed in 1820 and was dedicated on September 10 during festivities which began in the previous evening. After the chanting of the *Te Deum*—with hundreds of candles lighting the altars, the roofs, the corridors, and the tower—the musicians of Santa Barbara, Santa Inés, and San Fernando Missions strolled the corridors, playing, for two hours. Manwhile there were fireworks, made by an expert sent up from San Diego two months before. "Then came bull-baiting . . . All this was repeated on two following nights." There was plenty of food and drink and dancing, and the spirit of Fiesta was so strong that "soldiers, cavalry as well as infantry, continued the festivities . . . while the Indians had their dances and all diverted themselves . . . all was clatter, merriment, and diversion; and thanks be to God, neither mishap nor quarrel nor complaint

occurred," according to the report of Fr. Francisco Suñer in 1820, which does not say how long it was before the soldiers and Indians wore out and stopped celebrating. It is likely that four days were enough rest from work to accomplish exhaustion, even as today.

With the exception of the bull-baiting, it could be a description of a modern Fiesta. And even today, in rodeos, there is bulldogging.

This, of course, is as it is intended, that Santa Barbara annually recapture its gay and colorful past. And today, as always, Fiesta opens with the ceremonies at the Mission — with thousands on the lawn before it for the blessing and the singing of the Padre choristers, gay dancing, fireworks, and a tribute to Saint Barbara—personified each year by someone chosen from the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

These opening ceremonies — the "Fiesta Pequeña" — occur on Wednesday night of the week of the full moon in August (though occasionally, when the moon has not co-operated with other practical limitations, its phase has been ignored). In the next three days follow the rest of the Fiesta events; El Desfile Historico — the great parade, street dancing, the lazy bustle of the Mercado in De la Guerra Plaza, the annual pageant show, parties and appropriate entertainment everywhere, El Desfile de Los Niños, and Noches de Ronda in the Courthouse Gardens.

This last casual entertainment found its present home in 1929, when Fiesta celebrated the dedication of the new Courthouse — another happy result of the 1925 earthquake. Indeed, though Fiesta began the year before the quake, there can be no question but that the quake helped perpetuate Fiesta, for the architectural planning of Santa Barbara's reconstruction lent an old California air to the city, making Fiesta easily appropriate.

By this time Fiesta was nationally and internationally famed, which could not but affect it. It was bound to face outward a bit — toward the tourist — rather than exclusively inward toward the people of Santa Barbara. The tug between un-selfconscious private fun and entertaining visitors has long been present and offers an annual problem in balance. But commercialism has been held at arm's length and a description of Fiesta today closely resembles Fiesta from the beginning — only more of it for more people.

And more money. By 1928 costs had far exceeded that first \$5,000 budget. In that year, for the first time, City and County shared in the financing and, to help raise necessary funds, the greatly beloved Will Rogers came to Santa Barbara and packed the Granada Theater in a benefit in which he discussed his operation — "The ladies love it" (he had recently been separated from his appendix and gave a stitch-by-stitch account) — and his old "Spanish" friends, Dwight Murphy and Sam Stanwood also loved it. A year later Paul Whiteman duplicated Rogers' generosity.

In 1936 there was another significant dedication of Fiesta — to the County Bowl, dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. It was newly completed and Fiesta not only celebrated it, but moved into it from Peabody Stadium with its annual show. There the show has remained ever since, and with this move the pattern of Fiesta became complete about as it is today. Sometimes the parade goes up State Street, sometimes it marches down. The Bowl shows have ranged from Broadway hits to somewhat ponderous pageants, but have generally struck a level of light summer evening

entertainment with an appropriate Latin flavor and an Old Santa Barbara historical theme.

History beyond Santa Barbara interrupted Fiesta during the war, there being no Fiesta after 1941 until 1946. In 1947 Sam Stanwood was injured in an automobile accident shortly before Fiesta and Harry Sweetser and Owen H. O'Neill, long in charge of the parade, carried on. The next year Santa Barbara's own history once more interrupted Fiesta. Because of a severe water shortage the city was thirsty and would have been parched had it doubled its population, as it always does for Fiesta, so Fiesta was cancelled.

At this time Stanwood became honorary Presidente and John T. Rickard picked up the guitar (and castanets) and played on through 1949. Fiesta had grown too great to be carried by a handful of men — even Stanwood, Pressley, Sweetser, and O'Neill. The Old Spanish Days board was enlarged and work was departmentalized and delegated more than before. Today there are thirty-four active officers and directors — and none working harder over the years, incidentally, than the one man remaining from the early board—Elmer Awl.

Francis Price followed Rickard as Presidente for two years, but the office is too demanding for any otherwise active man to hold for long, and so has become an annual office, occupied since Price by Duncan McDougall, Charles A. Storke, Thomas J. McDermott, Norris Montgomery, Grover C. Drake, Lloyd F. Monk, James Van Etta, Leonard W. Kummer, and, this year, George V. Castagnola. The list of officers has grown. So has Santa Barbara. So has Fiesta.

So too its budget! C. E. James, Executive Secretary, who bears the year-round day-to-day burden of details, would be happy if that first great sum of \$5,000 would cover the opening night of the Bowl show alone.



Sulky, decorated with white marguerites, for 1895 Flower Festival.

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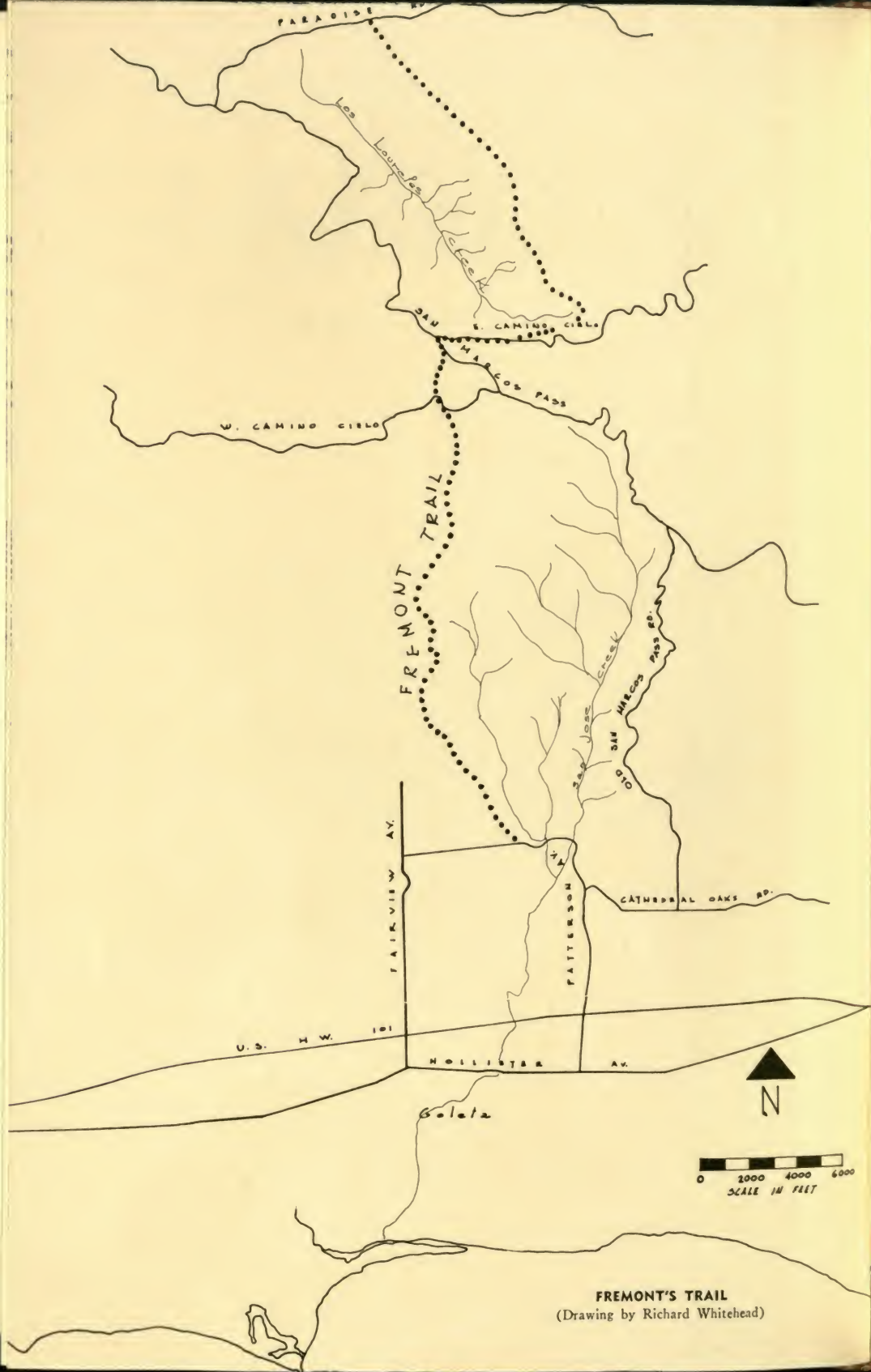
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FREMONT'S TRAIL
(Drawing by Richard Whitehead)

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

AN EARLY FOREST FIRE

(From *Life in California*)

By ALFRED ROBINSON

About this time we were much alarmed, in consequence of the burning of the woods upon the mountains. For several days the smoke had been seen to rise from the distant hills of St. Buenaventura, and gradually approach the town. At last it reached the confines of the settlement, and endangered the fields of grain, and gardens. Soon it spread low upon the hills, and notwithstanding a strong westerly wind was blowing, the flames travelled swiftly to windward, consuming everything in their course. It was late at night when they reached the rear of the town, and as they furiously wreathed upward, the sight was magnificent but terrible. The wind blew directly upon the town (This was the north wind that, two or three times each year, comes from the interior over the mountain range. It was this wind that was blowing hard when the Potter Hotel on Burton Mound took fire early one afternoon. The cinders from this dangerous fire were carried away from the town and out to sea.) and the large cinders that fell in every direction seemed to threaten us with certain destruction. The air was too hot to breathe. The inhabitants fled from their homes to the beach, or sought the house of Senor Noriega, where prayers were offered and the saints supplicated. The vessels at anchor in the bay also were much endangered, for their decks were literally covered with the burning cinders, and their crews incessantly employed in keeping them wet. During the entire night the ravages of the fire continued, and when daylight broke it had seized upon the vineyard belonging to the Mission. Here the green state of the vegetation somewhat checked its progress, and it passed over to the mountains again, to pursue its course northward. On the uplands everything was destroyed, and for months afterwards, the bare and blackened hills marked the course of the devastating element."

The Fire-Recovery Phase on the Mountain Wall

By MARSHALL BOND

Throughout the history of Santa Barbara, "forest fires" have posed a constant threat to life and property. In the 1830s, Alfred Robinson described a terrible fire that swept up from Ventura and nearly wiped out the town. The dense brush of the Coast Range is a natural fire trap and, when burned over, makes a full recovery in about ten years. As an example of this, William Brewer was here in 1861. In his book, "Up and Down California", he

tells of going up Cold Spring Canyon and of finding the brush there grown so thick, in the few years since the Robinson fire, as to be almost impenetrable.

In recent years, most of us have witnessed fierce conflagrations in the coastal area, especially in the vicinity of San Marcos Pass. Usually these have moved eastward along the range driven by the west wind. At night, from the hills within the city, we have seen sheets of flame leap high in the air as, fanned by hot winds, showers of sparks have ignited the tinder dry brush of the canyon walls. The speed and intensity of a brush fire is an awesome sight, particularly for those who have fled their mountain homes and have abandoned their possessions to the mercy of the wind. In such cases, the hope that destruction may be averted by the efforts of the hundreds of courageous men who are fighting the fire is small.

Nowadays, expert Zuni Indians are flown in from Arizona to combat the worst of these blazes. Aircraft, also, are employed to spray critical areas with fire retarding solutions of calcium borate or bentonite, which enables crews with bulldozers to move in close enough to clear breaks in the path of the fire. But, in spite of modern technology, fires often remain out of control for many days.

As a boy, I vividly recall the particularly disastrous series of conflagrations of 1917 that nearly destroyed Carpinteria and Ojai. On June 16th of that year, the Morning Press reported a spectacular blaze covering a three mile area back of Summerland. On June 17th, a huge fire broke out near Carpinteria. The Fithian home was razed and the Cate School was almost engulfed by the flames. The latter was saved only by a shift in the wind and the frantic heroism of a group of men who kept the roofs of the school buildings under a constant spray of water. Thousands of sightseers flocked to the scene of this fire, which added immeasurably to the difficulties of the fire fighters.

This fire lasted three days and was succeeded by another in the Juncal area. Still another occurred in Gaviota, and twenty-seven hundred acres burned in Rattlesnake and Mission Canyon. The Constabulary was called out in this emergency and made a name for itself as a fire fighting unit.

Also in June, 1917, a frightful fire raged in the Ojai Valley. This one started in Matilija and Wheeler Canyons and burned to a line within two miles of the town of Ojai. The newly built Foothills Hotel was destroyed, along with many fine homes; but as if by a miracle, the Thacher School escaped the flames. The town of Ojai was evacuated except for telephone operators, and the temperature rose there to 128° F.

However, "it's an ill wind that blows no good". In this case, the moving picture people reaped a rich harvest of thrilling fire scenes from these fires. On June 22nd, the Morning Press reported: "Following the army of fire fighters come an army of motion picture companies from Los Angeles; and these latter are busily engaged working on the details of the fire scenes of the past week for their dramas. A dozen scenarios are being worked out in different locations and men, who never saw a motion picture camera until three days ago, are becoming quite blasé in leading roles under a withering blast of curses from sweating directors."

So much for the pall of smoke and flames that hits the Coast Range every few years and is seen by thousands. What of the unseen phases of these fires that, in some respects, are even more interesting than are the fires themselves? What happens to the birds and other animals caught in such

a holocaust? What adaptations have trees and shrubs built into their natures in the course of their evolution to ensure their survival? What happens during the recovery phase? and how does nature fill the gap?

First, let's see what happens to some of the birds as flames sweep up a typical coastal canyon; the strong flyers, such as jays, thrushes, and sparrows, make an easy escape; though the young of these species may be caught if they are too small to leave their nests. Not so lucky are the quail, who instinctively run for the thickest brush when danger threatens them. These birds usually perish. Other ground birds, such as roadrunners, often are caught.

The larger mammals, such as deer, coyotes, wild cats, and foxes, usually are fast enough to escape the flames; but, on occasion, even these are caught, being asphyxiated by the hot air from which much of the oxygen has been exhausted, and are killed before the flames reach them. Rabbits, like quail, head for the heaviest brush and get caught. Rats, mice, and chipmunks meet a similar fate; but such burrowing rodents as kangaroo rats and gophers often escape underground. (Due to the high speed with which fires usually travel, the heat generated at any point is insufficient to penetrate deep burrows and cracks.) Snakes and lizards perish in considerable numbers, yet many of these manage to survive in cracks and crevices and on ledges to which the flames do not reach.

It must be remembered that fires do not burn with uniform intensity. There always are untouched or very lightly passed over islands and rocky outcrops that harbor animals, plants, and seeds. During the recovery phase, mammal and bird life moves back into the burned areas as soon as the food supply is reestablished there. This food supply, of course, basically is dependent upon the regrowth of the plants. Birds and mammals have no special adaptations specifically designed to help them survive forest fires; in fact, as we have seen, the opposite is true of the quail and the rabbits. Some of the plants, however, seem to have developed special characteristics that enable them to recover quickly from the effects of a fire. Beyond the simple fact that nature produces such vast numbers of seeds, some of which are bound to survive, there are two main processes of plant recovery. These are crown sprouting from underground burls and rhizomes and the stimulation of seed germination by the heat of the fire itself.

The thick cover of chaparral indigenous to the Coast Range consists mainly of ceonothus, sumac, chamise, choke cherry, and scrub oak. These species, when burned to the ground, stump sprout quite rapidly. Some varieties of ceonothus, however, die altogether and must depend for recovery on the heat stimulation process. Sycamore trees, due to their thin bark, are easily killed above ground by the heat; but, like most of the chaparral, they send up strong sprouts from their extensive root systems.

Coulter pines, which grow on the summits of the coastal mountains, a species that is notable for producing the world's largest pine cones, have thin bark and are easily killed by excessive heat even without actually being burned. Closed cone pines recover after a fire from the stimulation process, but the Coulter pine has open cones and, hence, its recovery, or perpetuation, is affected by the scattering of nuts in lightly covered areas or on rocky outcroppings.

Live oaks, on the other hand, are thick barked and, if not too badly burned, will refoliate. The larger oaks, however, often either are hollow or

have centers of rotten or punky wood. These centers take fire easily and then smolder for days. The trunks are weakened by this process to such an extent as to cause the trees to topple over in the first strong wind. A very intense fire, of course, will kill even the largest oaks. Some acorns manage to survive a fire and these germinate during the following rainy season; and the burned over area is replanted to some extent by the unwitting but natural ally of the oak, the California jay. It is one of those odd facts of nature that many oaks spring from acorns buried by the jays in open places for the purpose of storing food for future use, just as dogs bury bones; but, unlike dogs, the jays do not seem to return to these buried acorns.

Large manzanitas are very thin barked and, hence, are quickly destroyed by fire. Their seeds, however, can withstand high temperatures and germination in them is greatly stimulated by heat. These seeds are scattered to some extent by the birds and mammals that eat the berries and cast the seeds. Being round, they easily roll down steep slopes to new locations. The smaller varieties of manzanita have burls that sprout quickly after a fire has destroyed the stems above ground.

Thus, most of the plants of the Coast Range are reestablished after a forest fire by one or the other of the two processes outlined above. There are, also, many plants in our area with small seeds that are blown by the millions into a burn, or are carried there by birds and mammals. These seeds sprout after the first rains.

Today, nature's methods of replanting are regarded by us to be too slow to prevent wide erosion on certain slopes. Grass seeds now are spread by airplanes over the burns to provide a quick cover crop that will hold the soil and will provide feed for cattle. The success of this artificial method of reseeding depends largely on the amount of soil present and the degree of slope involved. Some erosion during a driving rain appears to be unavoidable.

Some authorities are convinced that the best solution to the fire problem in our mountains is a continuous program of strip burning so designed as to keep the level of brush fuel at a minimum. At any event, nature abhors a vacuum; and these are the various ways she employs to fill the biological and horticultural vacuums created by forest fires.

The Escape of the Talbot Party from Santa Barbara

(From *Fremont's Memoirs*)

On my way up the coast from Los Angeles in September, I left ten men at Santa Barbara at the request of the citizens of the town who thought they would feel safer with even a small guard of Americans in the event of some disorder. Theodore Talbot was one of the party and in charge of it. Shortly after I left, news of the insurrection (in the south) reached Santa Barbara, and the little garrison were assured they would be attacked. I (Fremont) tell the story in their own words.

The ladies of Santa Barbara gave them the first intimation of danger and urged them to escape, and, when they refused, offered to conceal them.

In a few days a mounted force of about one hundred and fifty appeared, with written summons from Flores to surrender, with promise to spare their lives and let them go on parole; and two hours were allowed for them to decide. It was near dusk. The American residents of Santa Barbara came in and recommended them to surrender, saying it was impossible to escape. One of them, Sparks, of St. Louis, said that at the fire of the first gun they might count him one; he afterwards joined me.

They determined not to surrender, but to make their way to the mountains, a spur of which came down to the town. In about half an hour they started—the moon was shining—and soon approached a small picket guard. This gave way and let them pass. They soon gained the mountains and relied on their rifles to keep off both men and cavalry. On the mountain they stayed for eight days, in sight of Santa Barbara, watching for some American vessel to approach the coast. They suffered greatly for want of food, and attempted to take cattle and sheep in the night, but for want of a lasso could only get a lean old white mare, which was led up on the mountain and killed and eaten up. Despairing of relief by sea, and certain that they could not reach me in the north by going through the settled country, they undertook to cross the mountains nearly east into the San Joaquin Valley, and to pass through the Tulare Indians. Before they left their camps in the mountains, the Californians attempted to burn them out by starting fires on the mountain around them, and once sent a foreigner to urge them to surrender. The enemy did not often venture near enough to be fired upon, but would circle around on the heights and abuse them. When they had any chance of hitting, they fired, and once saw a horse fall. It took them three days to cross the first ridge. They had nothing but rosebuds to eat. The ascent was so steep, rocky, and bushy, that at one time it took them half the night to gain some three hundred yards; after crossing the first mountain they fell in with an old Spanish soldier at a rancho, who gave them two horses and some dried beef and became their guide over the intervening mountains, about eighty miles wide, to the San Joaquin Valley. They followed that down towards the Monterey settlements, where they joined me, being about thirty-four days from Santa Barbara, and having travelled about five hundred miles. When the battalion passed through Santa Barbara, their old acquaintances there were glad to see them. They had thought all dead; the bones of the old mare found in their camp being taken to be theirs and all that remained of them after the fires had burned them out. The people of Santa Barbara generally, and the compassionate ladies, especially, showed real joy at seeing them alive and treated them hospitably, while the battalion halted in the town.

Fremont Returns to Santa Barbara

(From *Fremont's Memoirs*)

Contracting space requires me (Fremont) here to pass lightly over incidents of the march beyond the Mission (San Luis Obispo). On Christmas Eve we encamped on the ridge of the Santa Ines behind Santa Barbara. The morning of Christmas broke in the darkness of a southeasterly storm with torrents of cold rain, which swept the rocky face of the precipitous mountain, down which we descended to the plain. All traces of trails were washed

away by the deluge of water, and pack animals slid over the rocks and fell over the precipices, blinded by the driving rain. In the descent over a hundred horses were lost. At night we halted in the timber at the foot of the mountain, the artillery and baggage strewed along our track, as on the trail of a defeated army. The stormy day was followed by a bright morning, with a welcome sun, and getting ourselves into the appearance of order we made our way into the town. There was nothing to oppose us, and nothing to indicate hostility; the Californian troops having been drawn together in a main body near Los Angeles. I remained here some days to refresh the battalion and repair the damage. The gun crews wanted sights for their guns, and to please them I had the guns tried and sighted.

(Harlan, a member of the California Battalion, recorded this episode from a different point of view.)

On our arrival at the Santa Ines mountain the rain fell in torrents, so that it was almost impossible to get the artillery over. The horses and pack animals mired down, and a large number of them that gave out and could not go farther were left to die.

After passing the summit we found the descent difficult. What with steepness and slipperiness it took an expert person to get down without falling. In fact the descent of many of us was by sliding on our posteriors. Among the rest who came down by force of their own gravity was Major Russell, who, as I have said, was a portly, heavy man, and was always nice and careful of his person and dress. He was still on the mountain, and we boys, who had slid down, watched with much curiosity to see how he with his nice uniform would make the down passage. He was coming down slowly and dignifiedly when all of a sudden there was a slip and a stagger, his feet flew out from under him, and down he came with railroad speed, and was unable to put on the brakes and stop till he landed within fifty feet of the camp, puffing and blowing and covered with mud, to the great admiration and fun of us young men. Nevertheless, though we used to laugh about some of the Major's peculiarities, we respected him. He was a gentleman. (California, '46 to '88.)

Edwin Bryant, who also was a member of the California Battalion, states that: "(From the top of the Pass) about ten to twelve miles to the south, the white towers of the Mission of Santa Barbara raise themselves. Beyond is the illimitable waste of waters. A more lovely and picturesque landscape I never beheld. Santa Barbara, I should judge from the number of houses, to be about 1,200 souls." (What I Saw in California)



Prof. Brewer's Climb to the Crest of the Mountain Wall in 1861

(From *Up and Down California*)

Saturday, with Averill, I visited a hot spring about five miles from here. First a good road, past some pretty ranches, then up a wild ravine by such a path as you would all put down as entirely impassable to horses, but it was fun for our mules. They climbed the stones and logs, now between these boulders and now over this rock, as if it were their home. We found several copious springs, making together a fine brook, issuing from the rocks at the base of a very steep rocky mountain. This is just near the base of a rugged peak, at perhaps five hundred feet above the sea. The water is sulphury and has a temperature varying from 115° to 118° F. In the States, or near a large city, this would be a fortune to some enterprising man. There is more timber here, as at Carpinteria, than we have seen south, along the streams and in the valleys.

The foggy weather that has lasted for over two weeks ceased, the sky cleared up on Sunday night, and on Monday morning, March 18th, I started to climb and measure the ridge lying north of us. Averill was somewhat under the weather, so I took Peter and Guirado with me. We rode to the hot springs, about five miles, left our mules in charge of Guirado, while Peter and I made the ascent. To the first peak, about 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the hot spring, was very steep, rocky, and hot. The sultry sun poured down floods of heat on the dry rocks. The sun falling on the thermometer for scarcely a single minute ran up a temperature of 120° F., and as it was graduated no higher I could not measure the temperature; it must have been 140°, or more, in the direct rays of the sun.

Reaching the first peak, we struck back over a traverse ridge, down and up, through dense chaparral, in which we toiled for seven hours. This is vastly more fatiguing than merely climbing steep slopes; it tires every muscle of the body. We reached the summit of the ridge at an altitude of 3,800 feet above the sea—over 3,700 above our camp. Our lunch was useless, for in our intense thirst we could eat nothing except a little juicy meat. Our only canteen of water gave out long before we reached the top, although we had husbanded it by taking merely sips at a time.

I never have suffered with thirst as I did that day. What must it be on the deserts! I have heard tales of suffering here, on the deserts of California, Utah, Arizona, etc., as touching as those of Africa or Arabia. Peter found relief by chewing a quarter of a dollar for several hours, the means they use on the plains, but I could find no relief that way.

About sundown we reached the hot spring. A small pool of bad water was there. How I wanted cool water, hot sulphur water (118°) for thirsty men is hardly the thing, yet we found it good. We ate our lunch, sat by the spring for half an hour, drinking small quantities often, then bathed in the hot water and were more refreshed than one could have believed. But night closed in on us then. Guirado had brought the mules up into the canyon. The moon was bright as we struck down the wild dangerous trail. The wild dark canyon, rugged rocks, the dark shadows under the bushes and behind

the rocks, the wild scene on every side, conspired with the hour to produce a most picturesque effect. Refreshed, we were lighthearted. Peter rode ahead, I followed on my sturdy mule with the barometer, Guirado bringing up the rear. Occasionally a snatch of song would awaken the echoes above the clattering of the hoofs of the mules over the rocks.

As we approached the most dangerous place, where the path went down the steep slope, over and among large boulders, as high as the horses on each side, and piled in the path, we were stiller. Suddenly a crash—Peter's mule caught his foot between two rocks and fell, Peter pitching headlong over his head on the rocks. How he escaped unhurt I can not imagine, yet he was but slightly bruised. The poor mule fared not so well. His forefoot was held between two rocks as in a vise. He had fallen over below, and was hanging much of his weight on that foot. We could budge neither the rocks nor his foot. We thought his leg broken, and saw no way of releasing him. He was a valuable mule, worth \$150 or more. We tugged, toiled, pried with levers, dug, all to no purpose. He made a tremendous effort, but only made matters worse, twisting his leg nearly around. After lying so for some time, while we worked frantically, he made another effort, tore off his shoe, and got up—strange to say, uninjured. A horse would have been ruined. We washed his foot and leg in the brook, led him a mile or so, and soon he scarce limped. Peter then mounted him and rode him home to camp.

It is in such places that the superior sagacity of the mule over the horse is seen. Much as is said and written about the sagacity of horses—poets sing of it and romance writers harp on it—it is much inferior to the much abused mule. This fellow, as he lay so helpless, instead of struggling frantically, would get all ready and then coolly exert his greatest strength to get his foot loose, but not when we were working on it. Although he groaned pitifully and gnawed the ground and rocks in his intense pain, he did not bite us, but would put his head against us and look up most wistfully.

We got back at nine o'clock in the evening, and found that the steamer had arrived, and with it Professor Whitney.

The Mission Tunnel and Lee Hyde

By STELLA EDWARDS

On December 21st, 1912, the City of Santa Barbara was jubilant when the North Portal and the South Portal of the Mission Tunnel were joined by a final blast that opened the two parts of the tunnel so perfectly that only the "muck" showed where they had met. Many difficult problems had been met and overcome before this final blast came to pass.

An old clipping from the Independent tells that the population of Santa Barbara in the year 1900 was 6500. Even then, people were leaving this community because of "water famine."

At about this time, Mr. Joseph B. Lippincott of Los Angeles, who was a consulting engineer (heading the Owens River Aqueduct), was called to Santa Barbara for consultation regarding the desperate water situation. After much study, he suggested the colossal scheme to harness the flood



LEE HYDE

and storm waters of the Santa Ynez River and convey them through the mountains and thence by pipeline to the City of Santa Barbara reservoir. The method of impounding the waters was to construct a dam. The site of the dam was selected at the Gibraltar Narrows of the river.

My father, Lee McClelland Hyde, was chosen by Mr. Lippincott to engineer this project.

In 1903, my father led the group which did the survey for this tunnel. The work of surveying for the North and South portals was conducted with a view to selecting the shortest route to Santa Barbara. The survey started at the corner of State and Mission Streets and proceeded to the hills and mountains. In order to reach the signal points at a time when the readings were accurate, it soon became necessary for Mr. Hyde and his surveyors party, to leave camp at one o'clock in the morning so as to take the observations by daylight. The way through the mountains, to be tunneled from both sides, was established by means of a system of triangulation.

After the original surveys had been checked and the alignments found to be correct, the actual work of the tunnel construction commenced at the South Portal on April 19, 1904, and in the same year the North Portal was opened on July 15th.

It was well known to my father that there would be vertical pockets of water opened during the drilling, but the amount of water and the other mysteries of the inner mountain had to be dealt with as each condition occurred. On the South side the formation was largely sandstone and shale, but they encountered quicksand after excavating 1700 feet and it took 21 days to remove the danger of this formation and to line the tunnel. Up to this time the tunnel was lined with timber and the original plan was to use timber until the tunnel was complete, then line it all with concrete. As the drilling progressed, however, they next encountered sulphur water, heavily

charged with hydrogen gases. This gas affected the eyes of all the workers so that they could only work in one-hour shifts. The effect was painful and those who remained in the tunnel for as long as two hours, when they first opened up this gas pocket, were totally blind for two days.

As the work pushed on, both from the South Portal and the North Portal, these and other gases caused a white fungus to attack and destroy the timber. It became necessary to use concrete soon after the temporary timbering was installed—and as a consequence, a second bond issue was presented and the people of Santa Barbara gave it an overwhelming approval.

On the North Portal great pockets of “marsh gas” were opened from time to time and the “muckers” were instructed to use safety lanterns, as the gas would ignite and burn immediately if it came in contact with any flame. This gas was present in such a body that it had to be disposed of and the only manner of disposing of it was by ignition. On one occasion, two brave men, while literally taking their lives in their hands, went into the tunnel, ignited the gas by torch, then lay prone beneath the body of the flame. The heat was, of course, terrific and the men survived by turning over and over in the water that was flowing below.

At a later date, when they had supposedly passed the gas pockets, a shift of men went into the tunnel without their safety lanterns and there was a great explosion when another gas pocket was opened. One man was killed and the other five were injured. Dr. Rexwald Brown and Dr. T. A. Stoddard rode by horseback from the South Portal with my father. The entire force of workmen carried two of the more seriously injured men over the mountain and down to Santa Barbara. The other three were taken by wagon to the Cold Springs Hotel. All survived.

On the South Portal side, large pockets of water were opened from time to time and the income from the water increased each year. However, in 1910, the City had to ask for a third bond issue. This caused great controversy regarding the increased cost of the tunnel. The original estimate for the 19,560 foot tunnel had been \$350,000—based on the cost of the 5,080 foot Cold Springs Tunnel which had been drilled into but not through the mountain. In the Mission Tunnel, the various conditions encountered, of quicksand, gases, rising ground and white fungus, greatly added to the expense of the project.

For the third bond issue, the Water Commissioners—J. N. Hiller, George S. Edwards and J. F. Trenwith—urged the people of Santa Barbara to vote for the bonds. An article appeared in the paper as follows:

“Vote at 2:15 o’clock:

Mascara! Hotel
City Hall
Santa Barbara Inn
Newman’s Barn
Pensinger’s Barn”

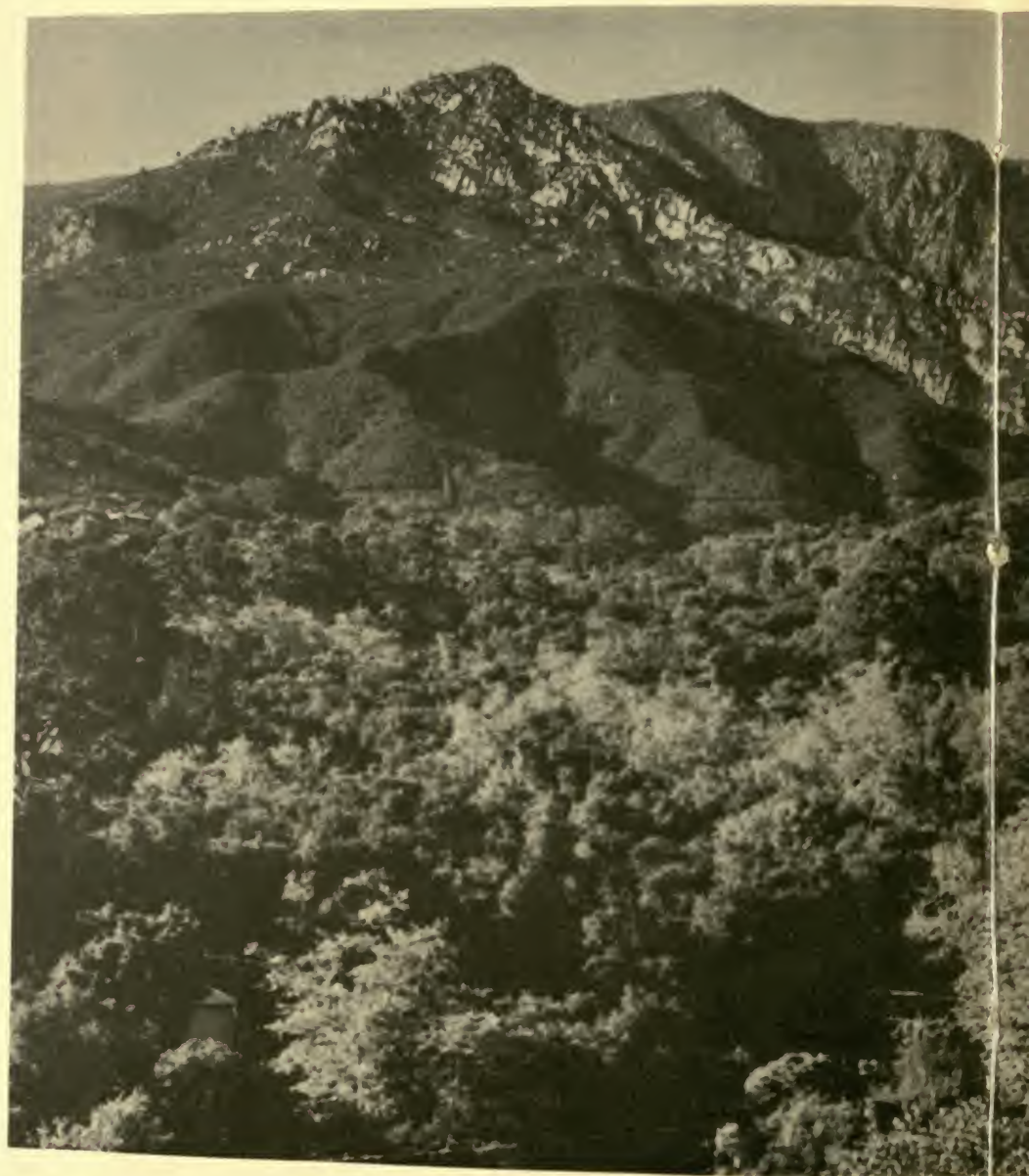
The article went on to say that Mr. Pyster of the Santa Barbara Gas and Electric Company would blow the “big whistle” three times if the bonds carried. Defeat would be heralded by one long blast. At 7:00 P. M. the three blasts of the whistle showed that the bond issue had passed, but they could not inform the City that the issue had passed six to one!



Lee Hyde at South Portal

In April of 1912 another freak of nature occurred which might have been a disaster had it not been for a hero, Frank Fizer. Mr. Fizer was on an outward run of the small electric muck train at the South Portal when he encountered a cave-in which was seeping through the overhead timbers into the tunnel. Thinking of the eight men who were 2000 feet into the tunnel, he reversed the small train, picked up the men and came back to the scene of the cave-in, where the muck by this time was so great that all nine had to drag through it up to their armpits for a distance of fifty feet. For this act of heroism, Mr. Fizer received a Carnegie Medal and was honored at a banquet and presented with an inscribed watch by the people of Santa Barbara.

The cave-in made it necessary to block off the area, detour around it and wait for one year to drain off and dry the area. It was then opened again to straighten the tunnel.



THE MOUNTAIN W.



THE MOUNTAIN WALL - Photo by Karl Obert

In November of 1911, a Los Angeles paper said of this tunnel, "From an engineering standpoint, it is looked upon as a marvel and as an example of Municipal Enterprise, it is admitted that no other city in the West of equal population has ever attempted anything to compare with it."

On December 21st, 1912, cannonading on the mountainside and the screaming of whistles in Santa Barbara marked the completion of this four-mile tunnel—the longest irrigation tunnel in the world at that time.

Lee McClelland Hyde went in with his men to make the final blast and came out of the tunnel to be greeted by dignitaries of the City and County, by Mr. Lippincott and the Water Commissioners. He expressed his belief that this tunnel and the Gibraltar Dam would provide enough water for the City until the population grew to 45,000 persons.

In January of 1913 my father was honored at a banquet in the Potter Hotel and was presented with a beautiful gold watch with this inscription:

Presented
to
Lee M. Hyde
by
The Citizens
of
Santa Barbara, California
In appreciation of his
Completion of
The City Tunnel
Dec. 21, 1912

On February 6th, 1913, Lee M. Hyde died at the age of 32 — the stress of many anxieties may have lowered his resistance, but his death was caused by frontal sinusitis following a simple cold.

Thus ended the career of a very young man and likewise started the resource for growth of a small community.

A Trip Through the Mountain Wall

By EDWARD S. SPAULDING

When the invitation from the City Manager, Mr. Robert Craig, came to me to go through the Tunnel as one of his party and to inspect the work already done on the nearly completed Gibraltar Dam on the Santa Ynez River, I accepted it readily. Had I known at that time that, as soon as the great dam was completed, the railroad tracks would be removed, both portals would be sealed tightly, and all human travel through the Santa Ynez Mountains would be stopped permanently, I should have set down on paper with the greatest care every detail of this adventure as soon as I returned from it to my home in Santa Barbara. Unfortunately, I did not then realize the importance of the episode from the historical point of view; and so no such immediate record was made.

Our party was to consist of five men—The City Manager, John Edwards, my brother, Harry, myself, and a man up to that time unknown to me, one whose name I now have forgotten.

Arriving in the morning at the South Portal, which was located in Mission Canyon at the northern end of Tunnel Road, we found the miniature train that was to take us through the mountain wall made up and awaiting our arrival. (This train, which was powered by electricity, was used to haul supplies of all kinds from the South Portal through the Tunnel to the North Portal on the Santa Ynez River and from that point on to the base of Gibraltar Dam.) As I viewed it there for the first time, being familiar only with the usual passenger and freight cars and engines of the transcontinental railroads, this "Tunnel Train" had so extraordinary an appearance that, at first sight, I had difficulty in accepting at its face value, Mr. Craig's reassuring statement that it was capable of transporting us safely and with reasonable speed and comfort through the mountain wall to the Santa Ynez River.

The "engine" of this remarkable train had not the slightest resemblance to any other engine that I ever had seen. It appeared as a rectilinear metal box on wheels with a height of some three feet and a length of, perhaps, twice as many feet. From the middle of its flat top, a clumsy, wooden trolley pole made contact with the heavy, copper wire that was strung on insulated pegs or rods attached to wooden crossbars overhead. At the rear of the strange contrivance was a narrow platform on which was a short plank set at right angles with the long axis of the engine. This plank served as a seat for the engineer. A small electric light illuminated the dials on the rear end of the engine. (When the train started forward, I noticed that the engineer sat on the plank on the left side of the engine platform with his legs and feet stretched out to the right. His face was in profile to us and his battered hat was at one side of and a little above the trolley wire. It was astonishing to me that he accepted this proximity to the heavily charged wire with seeming complete unconcern. My astonishment grew when we entered the tunnel and the "fireworks" started.)

The flatcars, of course, were long and very narrow. (I was prepared for this phenomenon because I had been told, previous to the trip, that the Tunnel had a minimum width of about four feet and a minimum height of, perhaps, four and one half feet. It is admitted now that these dimensions should have been greater by at least two feet.) The first, empty flatcar had been reserved for our use. Behind this one, there were several more that had been heavily loaded with sacks of cement. All of these loaded cars were carefully and securely wrapped with waterproof tarpaulins to protect the cement from the falling waters that would be encountered within the Tunnel.

We were given heavy, rubber raincoats and "southwesters" by the attendant of the South Portal and, having donned these, we were told to "get aboard" the train. "Getting aboard", I now discovered, consisted of the first passenger lying prostrate on his back on the floor of the flatcar reserved for our use with his head as near the front end of the car as was comfortable for him and his feet hanging down to the ground on the sides. This done, the second man assumed a similar position, with his head resting on the chest of the first man. The third man's position was similar in all respects to those of the first and second with the exception that he, once he had assumed his proper place in the line of recumbent figures, reached down with his hands and, seizing the ankles of the first man, drew these legs up and close against his sides and held them there so that the heels would not drag over the ties or the toes bump against the walls of the Tunnel in the narrow places. The

fifth man, being at the end of the line, held his legs and feet in line with his body and extending a little over the rear end of the flatcar.

Once we all were properly arranged, the signal was given and the long and slender train began to move toward the mouth of the Tunnel.

Once fairly within the Tunnel, beyond the reach of the daylight from the portal, we had only the rather weak light on the rear of the engine to illuminate the walls and ceiling for us. Having nothing else with which to occupy my mind as we rumbled slowly forward, I did my best to recognize by their widths and colors some of the strata as they passed one after another rather close over my upturned face. At first, I had thought that I might be successful in this because I had crossed over the Mountain wall many times, both on foot and on horseback, by the Tunnel and the Rattlesnake Canyon Trails; and so I was reasonably familiar with the strata as they appeared on the south face of the range. I was unable to recognize a single one, of course. The best that I could do was to note the varying thicknesses and colors of the rock layers and to guess at the hardness or softness of each one.

We travelled at a constant speed that seemed to me to be a little faster than that of a long-legged man's walk. It was bumpy and jerky on the springless flatcar but, in as much as we all were lying flat on our backs hardly more than a foot above the rails, the swaying was reduced to a minimum and the bumps and jerks, at first, were not particularly uncomfortable. Soon, however, we came to waterfilled, porous strata. From this time forward to the end of the ride, we were so occupied with what went on immediately over our faces that we gave little consideration to the monotony and physical discomfort of the journey.

As we progressed deeper and deeper into the mountain, the water dripping from the porous strata above us increased in volume. At first, it had been little more than thin strings or series of very large drops. Now, we often passed under visible cracks from which the water came in small streams such as might run from partially turned on faucets in the basins of bathrooms. Rarely, we passed through streams that drenched everyone and everything that passed through them. Protected by our rubber coats as we were, these heavy streams did us little damage; but the splashings from them that struck the trolley wire produced spectacular results.

When any of these drops or streams of varying sizes fell directly on the trolley wheel, which made contact with the charged wire only a foot or two above our faces, there were sparks and flashes and streamers of descending light, "fireworks" one might almost be justified in calling the greatest of them, that were disconcerting, even frightening. Occasionally, one of these flashes was strong enough to light up brilliantly the walls and ceiling of the tunnel in our immediate vicinity. Toward the end of our journey, after we had found out by what had seemed to us to have been a long experience, that they did us no injury, we accepted them as an interesting phase of our adventure; but, at first, before we learned that they were relatively harmless, they had anything but a quieting effect on our somewhat overstimulated nervous systems.

It was here that I realized how right Mr. Frank Flournoy had been when he had told me, on an earlier day, that a tunnel through a mountain range acts as a huge canyon and drains the strata for miles on either side of its

path. (Later, I was to discover on trips by trail that all the little, well known fine springs in the chaparral, upon which the quail and the deer and the other water-drinking denizens of the mountain wall depended on for life saving draughts of cool water, had completely dried up.)

Much to my surprise, I found that the Tunnel did not maintain either a standard width or a standard height throughout its length. Several times, I felt my toes strike the wall on one side or the other when the man who was holding up my feet was a little careless at the wrong time; but, for the most part, the width was great enough to make a close holding of the feet unnecessary.

There was considerable variation in the height, too, in different parts of the Tunnel. Occasionally, the ceiling was so high, fifteen to twenty feet, I estimated, that I had the impression that we had entered a chamber of unexpectedly great size. The fitful sparks and flashes usually illuminated these rough, rock bound chambers in a weird, even eerie, way. (There was no light whatever, of course, from either of the two portals.)

After a ride that seemed to me to have been of considerable duration, though how long it actually was in miles it was impossible to tell, we came to the place where the famous cave-in had occurred. Here we made a detour of several hundred yards to the left, and then we returned to the original line of the Tunnel. At this detour, our closely inclosed situation bore down more heavily upon our minds than it had done at any other part of the journey; and I, for one, was glad when we had passed the place in safety.

At long last and without mishap, we came out through the North Portal and into the bright daylight. Wonderful to realize, we were among the cottonwoods and willows that grow along the margin of the Santa Ynez River! These familiar trees, filled as they were with sunlight and surrounded by sunlit space, seemed to be more beautiful than I ever before had imagined they could be.

"Well, I, for one, am glad to see the light of the sun again!" I heard my brother exclaim as much to himself as to any one of us. "Wheee-ooooo!"

"That's right," agreed Manager Craig. "That tunnel is no place for a man who is nervous or who suffers from claustrophobia."

"It certainly is not!" Harry ejaculated with conviction. "If a man doesn't have it when he starts into the thing, he certainly will have it when he reaches that horrible detour!"

Going to the base of the dam, we found that massive structure nearing completion. The right, or east, side seemed to be finished. The huge concrete blocks from the middle of the dam to the west wall of the canyon were almost so and appeared as a huge staircase, the top of each one in succession lower by ten or fifteen feet than the one immediately to the east of it. As we stood in the canyon bottom and surveyed critically the concave, slightly sloping wall in front of us, the whole seemed very high and very strongly built. I was much impressed with the enormous size of the job the little city of Santa Barbara unaided had undertaken.

As we stood before the dam, one of the flatcars that had been a part of our train, flatcar, cement, tarpaulin, and all, was run up a steel cable that sloped over our heads from a platform at the end of the railroad track to the top of the dam. For some unaccountable reason, this rather-to-be-expected sight impressed me deeply with the skill and efficiency of the engineers who were in charge of the operation.

Presently, we followed Manager Craig up a steep and dusty trail cut in the canyonside to the top of the dam. Then we went down a similar, dusty trail to the canyon bottom on the north or upper side of the dam. Here, years before, on a bright, spring day after a "heavy winter", the horse that I was riding on that day suddenly had dropped to its belly in an unseen patch of quicksand that the torrents had deposited there; and it had been with some difficulty that I had managed to get the floundering, plunging animal out of the quaky, soft sand and on to the hard gravel at the margin of the stream. Now, the situation was wholly different; there were only occasional, tiny puddles of water in the bed of the stream and all the riverbed was hard packed and firm. The rectangular opening that had been purposely left open while the dam was building was plugged now, and a coffer dam of considerable size to catch the small flow of water that still was running in the River had been built a block or two up stream. There was no pool or "lake" whatever forming where we stood in the creekbed behind the main dam.

The return trip through the Tunnel was uneventful and, because it now was familiar to us, it was made without particular excitement or undue apprehension on our part. The "fireworks", while still spectacular, seemed less violent, and the whole trip seemed shorter. I do not remember that we hailed the afternoon sunlight in Mission Canyon, when we emerged from the South Portal, with the same enthusiasm as we had hailed it on the Santa Ynez River a few hours earlier. Clearly, the human mechanism, with a little conditioning, can become used to almost anything.

HOLDUP IN THE SAN MARCOS PASS

Santa Barbara and Los Olivos Stages Robbed*

*Three Mail Pouches Opened . . . Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Box
Broken Open . . . A Polite Robber*

Considerable excitement prevailed on the streets yesterday afternoon and evening when the startling news concerning the robbing of the two stages running between Santa Barbara and Los Olivos, at a point about three miles this side of Home Station, became known. The Los Olivos and Santa Barbara stage, drawn by six horses and driven by W. J. Wheelis, left Los Olivos about 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning. The passengers were Mrs. Bush†, J. D. Sampsell and W. D. Smith. Mrs. Bush and Mr. Sampsell rode on the seat with the driver. Nothing unusual occurred until about 12:30 o'clock, when they were coming around a turn in the road about three miles this side of Home Station. The road was densely lined on both sides with brush and small trees. A few yards in front of them they saw a wagon loaded with wheat and a man and a boy with masks made of white cloth covering their faces, were sitting on the seat. The horses, which had been attached to the wheat wagon had been unhitched and were tied to some trees near by. When the stage came near the wagon, a man with a mask

*Morning Press, November 4, 1888.

†Mrs. Bush was the aunt of Mrs. Richard Bard and Miss Janet Boyd.

made of black cloth and which hung down below his knees in front, stepped from behind a small tree, and leveling a revolver at the stage driver commanded him to halt. The driver stopped the stage. The man stepped into the road and told the driver and passengers that if they would get down from the stage, hold up their hands and do just as he told them, he would not shoot them. He then told the driver to get down from the stage, but they told him that the horses were wild and would be liable to run away and asked him to allow the driver to remain in his seat. This the robber consented to do, and commanded J. D. Sampsell to assist the lady to the ground. Sampsell did as he was ordered, and then got down from the stage himself. W. D. Smith, the passenger inside the stage, was also ordered to get out. The robber then had Sampsell throw the mail and express box out on the ground. He then handed a mask to each of the passengers, and one to the driver, and made them put them on. The masks were each made of a square piece of muslin about the size of an ordinary handkerchief. Two corners of the cloth were sewed together. The sewing was done in a very rough and unfinished manner. The masks when on, entirely covered the face and head and hung down in front a little below the shoulders. After the passengers and driver had their masks on the robber commenced to search for money and other articles of value. He only found \$1 in Sampsell's pockets, and on looking at his hands, asked if he was a working man, and on being informed that he was, he returned the money to him. The polite intruder then searched Mrs. Bush, but while the robber was busy attending to the others, she had not been idle. She had removed her finger rings and placed them, together with some other jewelry, in the bosom of her dress. The robber failed to find any money or articles of value on her person. He then examined Mrs. Bush's satchel which she had left on the seat with the driver, and in it found \$45 in gold, and about \$1.75 in silver. He took the \$45 in gold, and left the silver in the satchel.

The robber then made the passengers sit down by the roadside while he proceeded to cut open the mail pouches and break open the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box and examine their contents. The robber opened the express box by breaking the staple to which the lock was fastened. During the whole time he was engaged in searching the stage passengers, breaking open the express box and examining the contents of the mail pouches, the man and boy were sitting on the seat of the wheat wagon about ten feet from the stage with their masks on and were unable to see what was being done around them. The stage driver and passengers were also unable to see what the robber was doing and what he took from the mail pouches and express box. Notwithstanding politics are the principal topic of discussion in all parts of the United States at present, it is a little singular that they should be talked about on this occasion and that the conversation should be between a lady passenger being robbed and a robber. Mrs. Bush asked the robber who he was going to vote for, and he replied that he was going to vote for Cleveland. The lady then told him that she knew he was not a Republican because none of the members of that party were mean enough to rob a stage. After the robber had taken all he could find, they asked him if they could go on; but he told them that they would have to remain until the stage from Santa Barbara came along, that is the one which left here yesterday morning. The robber asked the driver what time the other stage would arrive. The driver was allowed to raise his mask up so that he could

see his watch, and he told the robber that it would arrive at this place in about three-quarters of an hour. The polite intruder said that they would wait. As the masks were very unpleasant to have on, the robber allowed the passengers and driver to remove them while waiting for the other stage. They waited nearly an hour when the expected stage, drawn by six horses, was heard coming up the road. The robber then commanded them to put on their masks, which they did unhesitatingly, and he started down the road to meet the other stage. The robber before leaving, however, told them to remain where they were, as he might have trouble and would shoot anyone who resisted him. He said he knew what the result would be if he was caught and he intended to protect himself.

When the stage from Santa Barbara was about fifty feet from the stage which had been robbed the driver was commanded to halt. The driver's name is George Heller, and the passengers, so far as can be learned, were C. H. Halling, Mr. Gutierrez and a boy named Patterson. The robber searched the passengers, examined the mail and broke open the express box in the same manner as he did the other. It is not yet known here how much the robber obtained from the stage which left this city yesterday morning. After the robber had taken all he could find of any value he went away. Pat Connovan and the boy who were on the wheat wagon had also been relieved of their valuables. The stage which left Los Olivos yesterday morning, and which was robbed first arrived here yesterday afternoon. It contained the ordinary amount of mail from San Luis Obispo and way stations, and was in three pouches. Each of the pouches had been cut open and the contents taken out. The registered mail was totally destroyed. Many letters having been opened, and several loose checks were found among the letters. Postmaster Levies was unable to state last evening how much of value had been taken from the mail, as the way bill does not show the contents.

A. H. Perkins, agent for Wells, Fargo & Co., examined the remaining contents of the express box last evening, and said that from what he could learn it contained two sealed envelopes, containing cancelled checks from San Luis Obispo to Los Angeles, both of which had been broken open, but their contents had not been disturbed. The box also contained a letter addressed to Quong Hing, El Paso, Tex., which had been broken open but nothing was taken. There was no money in the box. The express box, which left Santa Barbara on yesterday morning's stage, was evidently opened, but it contained only five packages and no money.

Sheriff R. J. Broughton and W. J. Wheelis left in a carriage late yesterday afternoon, in search of the robber.

CORRECTIONS OF PREVIOUS ISSUES

December, 1958—Page 10: Last line should read "Wolcott Tuckerman".

Page 12: Line 7, should read "Boss Whittaker".

Page 14: Line 8 should read "Santa Gertrudis".

Summer, 1960—Page 16: Legend under second picture should read "Mrs. Herter, grandmother".

Book Review

CATTLE ON THE CONEJO

By J. H. RUSSELL The Ward Ritchie Press

Mr. J. H. Russell is the owner of the well-known Russell ranch which forms the eastern half of the famous old Spanish Conejo grant. A rancher, not a writer, it took a great deal of urging on the part of several friends to get Mr. Russell to set down some of his memories and experiences of that region which we now glide through so rapidly on the Ventura freeway. We must be most grateful to the author for capturing in permanent form some of the "fugitive material" of the history of this part of Southern California.

The author was born on the ranch some seventy-odd years ago. His mother, who came from the plains of Canada, was at first terrified at the "mountain" as she called the region. Their first home had to be reached on horseback. Later they moved to an old stage station — nearby was the adobe ranchhouse which had been built by one of the de la Guerras and used because of its pleasant coolness, as the milk house. Still later the author's father built a large home at Triunfo, only to have it destroyed by fire some years later. That day was one of the rare days when the prevailing wind was blowing from the opposite direction, and when the great barn caught fire the house could not be saved.

When Mr. Russell was a young man he considered his father somewhat old fashioned, but he later realized how progressive he had been. He was among the first in the region to have a windmill and then a gasoline engine to pump water. He had the first combine harvester and was among the very first to have registered imported draft stallions. His was the first house to have hot and cold running water and the first bathtub! He gave all his six children the opportunity to go to college if they wished.

Mr. Russell claims that he has never been able to figure out why the life of a cowboy should be considered even the last bit romantic. He says that in the spring when the grass is green it can be very pleasant to ride over the range. But, not infrequently, there isn't any grass, the cattle are hungry and calling for something to eat, and you can foresee all your year's profit will have to pay for feed to take the place of that which should have grown but didn't because of cold, winds, insects, or lack of rain. Cattle ranching on the Conejo was relatively pleasant, but dust was with you all summer when you were moving cattle, branding, cutting out or working with them in any way. And even on the Conejo it can be pretty cold in winter and very, very muddy.

In the summer they used to put straw over the county road to help lay the dust. About twice a year the Russells sent an eight-horse team to Los Angeles, forty miles away, for provisions. They brought great barrels of flour and sugar, drums of coffee and the like. In between they could bring in what was needed in a light wagon.

In the constant struggle with nature drought was and is enemy number one of the cattleman. Nowadays cattle can be loaded into trucks or trains and transported hundreds of miles to new pastures if need be — it is costly, of course. Formerly, they could only be taken as far as they could walk, and weakened by hunger they couldn't go very far or very fast. Many had to be left to die. It was a heart-rending experience as well as a great financial loss. At one time the elder Russell was considering buying another ranch

to add to his holdings — the would-be seller claimed that he had never had to move his cattle even in the driest years. Mr. Russell was skeptical, but on further inquiry found that to be quite true — they had simply been left to die of starvation.

As the years went on changes came to the Conejo. The first automobiles arrived on the scene, bringing both convenience and new problems. Early motorists frequently had to be pulled out of a ditch, and they expected the rancher to leave his dinner, or even his bed, harness up his horses and go to the rescue. Others would skid off the road, damage a fence, and yet manage to get going again by their own efforts. Horses and cows seemed to have an uncanny instinct about a gap in a fence and in a short time would be out on the road and have to be rounded up again. The careless toss of a cigarette from a car started many a fire in the grain fields near the road.

The first paved road, "El Camino Real", went through the ranch — ranch owners from Calabasas to the Conejo grade gave the state the right of way. The pavement was narrow and in winter very slippery because of the adobe soil so the same old problems remained.

In the old days when the cattle were to be slaughtered they had to be driven to Los Angeles. If all went well it took two days. A special permit had to be secured to drive them through the city and it had to be done at night — a rather frightening experience it was to the author when he was a small boy and his mother most unexpectedly gave permission for him to go along on one of these trips.

The Russells raised grain as well as cattle and took it by eight- or ten-horse teams to Camarillo or Port Hueneme—either place a two day trip. After a time the ranchers got together and built a road of sorts over to Simi when the railroad came through there. By starting at daybreak the round trip could be made in one day. At this time they also started driving the cattle to Simi and shipping them by train to Los Angeles.

Shortly before the Russells started trucking their cattle when they were moving them any distance they received a shipment of one thousand head at Simi—from there they were driven on foot to the ranch. All the way the author was worrying about how he was going to get all those cattle across the highway. This time luck was with him. Moving picture companies had long used the ranch, the cattle and Mr. Russell himself in various films — parts of the ranch looked like Spain or France or England with its great oaks. Prairies, plains, gulches and even the desert could be found. On this particular day a company happened to be working near where Mr. Russell had planned to cross El Camino Real. As he approached it a director sent word to him and asked how much he would charge if they took a picture of the cattle crossing the highway. Mr. Russell said he wouldn't charge a cent if they had some policemen who would hold up traffic. This they had and did and the thousand head made their slow way across one of the major highways of the State. Long lines of motorist were held up in both directions. Mr. Russell reports that most of them didn't seem to mind. They were seeing something that most of them had never seen before and not likely ever to see again.

In this brief report of "Cattle on the Conejo", we have mentioned only a few of the many facets of ranch life which the author writes about, not only with knowledge but with humor and great human understanding. We recommend the book to your reading.

HELEN HOLMAN WILLIAMS

DWIGHT MURPHY

P. O. BOX 96
SANTA BARBARA
CALIFORNIA

August 12, 1960

Mr. Edward S. Spaulding,
720 Mission Canyon Road,
Santa Barbara, California.

Dear Seldon:

Regarding the cannon wheel I told you had been found a few years ago on the north slope of the mountains in back of Santa Barbara, the circumstances are as follows:

I was told by Mr. Sam Stanwood that he often rode horseback with Mr. George Owen Knapp from the Knapp mountain lodge located east of the San Marcos Pass Road, and that on one of these rides Mr. Knapp stated he had some of his men endeavor to locate an old trail used by the Indians when traveling between the Santa Ynez Valley and the coast, and that in brushing out what appeared to be a well defined trail the men had discovered a cannon wheel along the side of this trail. The discovery of the old trail and the cannon wheel seemed to indicate that this trail was the one General Fremont and his army used in 1846 when leaving the Santa Ynez Valley on their way to Santa Barbara.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours truly,

Dwight Murphy

Cambria, Calif.

July 27-1960.

E. S. Spaulding.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Darwin:

In reference to our telephone conversation some time ago about the trail followed by Fremont over the San Marcos Pass are sorry to say that I had no County map fit for the purpose. Some years ago Richard S. Whitehead of the County Planning Commission showed me a copy of a report by one of Fremont's officers describing the route taken, I had a copy of another report and have been unable to find them in my material so I wrote to Mr. Whitehead and he wrote & I received a letter from him yesterday in which he tells me that he retraced the trail over the San Marcos and retraced in on a map and says he will be glad to

show it to you and also to show you the report and explain the natural features that he found from the description, on the ground.

An approximate description would be as follows: Beginning at the Foreman house on the Tianguine Rancho then down Foreman Cañon to ~~near~~ just west of Los Olivos thence down to Santa Ynez Mission thence across the Santa Ynez River thence along the south side of the river Eritally to the Cañon just west of the San Marcos road thence up Los Laureles Cañon to the top of the Mts.

thence across the pass down towards Kinnear and up the other side, thence down through ~~the~~ Shipping Rock ridge and Schmit know the place where they turned East towards Sta. Barbara. Mr. Whitehead has more information that is authentic and I strongly advise you to take his offer to help you. Sorry I cannot do better for you. Regards to Mrs. Mrs. Gladys & to you.
Respectfully yours, Edmund S. Spaulding

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MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA



THE GLEDHILLS

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

The Gledhills

By WILBERTA ELLISON FINLEY

Noticias is pleased to present to its members in this issue, a selection of photographic portraits of early Santa Barbara residents, from the collection of our Museum Director, W. Edwin Gledhill. Mr. Gledhill had achieved national recognition as an artist in his profession before his retirement in 1953 to serve the Santa Barbara Historical Society in the capacity of Curator.

It has been evident for some time that proper recognition of Mr. Gledhill's abilities in this field should be given him, and a lasting record made of at least a few of the personalities who sat for portraits by him in these early years. We offer here, then, for your pleasure, and in the interest of preserving valued data for historians, these fine examples of his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill have given full-time volunteer leadership to the Society, as Director and Curator, for seven years. During this time, they have become personally acquainted with a large part of the membership; but, realizing that there may be some who do not know them, a biographical sketch of each is also included.

W. Edwin and Andriette Gledhill are both well suited to direct a Society such as this, for each of them has a rich ancestral heritage coupled with experience and training in the fine arts over the years. A close friendship of many years with Miss Elizabeth Mason, and Mrs. John Russell Hastings, enriched their knowledge of fine silver, china and period furniture, giving them also an appreciation of the values to be found in a good genealogical library. Mrs. Hastings, a specialist in these fields, was in large part responsible for their willingness to assume their present duties.

It is not strange that Edwin Gledhill knows and loves Santa Barbara as much as if he had been born here, for it was in 1903 that he came as a youth to our community. He has seen it develop from a small health-resort hamlet to its fast-paced present. During these years he has been active in the civic and social life of the town, and has learned to know both it and its people intimately. His inherited creative gifts have helped to develop his interest in, and knowledge of the cherished treasures from Santa Barbara's historical background.

He began his business career as a young apprentice in the old Rowley Drug Store, but by 1905 his interest in photography, begun in Canada where he had experimented in developing his own glass plates, led him to McPhail's Bookstore, where he was placed in charge of the camera department. Nearby, a new portrait studio had been opened by Carolyn Even, and soon after their meeting in 1907 they were married. Renting a studio from Charles

Frederick Eaton (an early craftsman of distinction in Santa Barbara), they established the Gledhill Studios which became famous for the artistry of the photographs taken. Their first studio, was located in the Arts and Crafts building at 20 Chapala Street. Later, the studio was moved to 114 Chapala Street.

Carolyn Even Gledhill's death occurred in the early 1930's, but Edwin continued his portrait work in the same location for many years.

Keith Gledhill, the son of Edwin and Carolyn Gledhill, developed a mutual interest in tennis with his father who was an expert in the game. Keith went on to win both the boys' junior and collegiate national tennis championships, as well as the national doubles. He attended Deane School in Montecito, was a graduate of Santa Barbara High School and of Stanford University. He married Margaret Wheeler, daughter of John Blake Evans and Kathleen Page Wheeler of Boston and Santa Barbara, and they have one son, David. Their home is in Hollywood, where Keith is associated with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, estimating costs of new films for the accounting department.

On August 22, 1936, at All Saints Episcopal Church in Montecito, W. Edwin Gledhill and Andriette Leacock Bowen were married. She is the daughter of William Ezra Bowen of Philadelphia, Pa. Her mother, Minnie Gray, was born in New Orleans, La. Her parents first met during a trip across the Isthmus of Panama and were married in Sausalito, Calif. They left immediately after for Tacoma, Wash., where Mr. Bowen was employed by a group of Philadelphia men (one of whom was his uncle, Ezra Bowen) who were interested in the development of real estate in that town. There both Andriette and her brother, William Ezra Bowen, Jr., were born. Following the death of her father in 1908, in Santa Barbara, her mother settled here, where she remained until her death (1936).

Andriette was educated at Mrs. Kershaw's private school in Tacoma; she studied music, taking voice training in both Philadelphia and New York City, and later became soloist at the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church. She also joined the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera Company, where she received further training in voice and dramatics. Upon her return to Santa Barbara, Miss Bowen took an active part in local musical productions. She has the distinction of being soloist on the premier television show of the West coast, produced in the Flying A Studio on Mission Street, November 5, 1931.

Andriette Gledhill first became interested in history when she learned that her maternal grandfather, Andrew Belcher Gray, had been a young surveyor in the Southwest before he was appointed by President James K. Polk, in June 1850, to serve as the first surveyor of the United States and Mexican Boundary. He was recalled when he refused to sign the necessary papers giving away much of the territory (now Arizona and New Mexico) which was later acquired by the Gadsden Purchase, (December 30, 1853)).

Soon afterwards, when he came to California, he anticipated the future growth of San Diego and together with William Heath Davis, he surveyed and laid out the "New San Diego," in its present location. Mr. Gray built the second house to be erected in that part of San Diego Bay, naming it "The Hermitage." He counted as his friends, Juan Bandini and the Aguirre and Pedronena families, all of whom are closely interwoven with the development of California.

Andrew Gray played an important role in the opening of the West, for, in 1853, he also surveyed and mapped a route on the 32nd Parallel for the Southern Pacific Railroad and the Texas and Western Railroad Companies, — (a privately owned company) — which is the approximate route in use today. Mr. Gray lost his life during the Civil War, at the age of 45 years.

W. Edwin Gledhill, born in Toronto, Canada, was the son of Edwin Gledhill. His father, who was born in London in 1830, spent his early life in Toronto. He was a teacher of piano, composer of popular Canadian songs, and a professional organist. He brought his family to Santa Barbara soon after the turn of the century. Here he continued teaching piano until his death in 1919. His first wife was Charlotte Lugsden (1832 - 1876); in 1855, he married Daisy Alice Brodie (1859 - 1940), who was the mother of W. Edwin Gledhill. She was the daughter of Dr. William Brodie, naturalist, entomologist and scientist, who, in the 1890's, was Curator of the Toronto Natural History Society Museum. Dr. Brodie envisioned the Royal Ontario Museum, one of the great institutions of its kind in the world, but did not live to see it become a reality. However, in his memory, a Brodie Room was created in this Museum, which is the home of the Brodie Natural History Society. He was responsible for interesting many of the younger men of that time, such as Ernest Seton Thompson, in making natural history their career.

Mr. Gledhill's paternal grandfather was Robert Linebrey Gledhill, born in London in 1797. He was one of the original members of the London Philharmonic Society, a musician with a bass voice. When Jenny Lind, P. T. Barnum's "Swedish Nightingale", made her second triumphal tour of America, Robert Gledhill was a member of her company, singing for professional reasons, under an assumed Italian name. While serving as soloist at the old Trinity Church in New York City, his career came to a close, and he was buried in the old cemetery of this church, in 1855.

The Gledhills call "home" the spacious, many-gabled, three-story Tudor period mansion built for Robert Cameron Rogers and his wife, Beatrice Fernald Rogers. Situated in beautiful Mission Canyon, "Glendessary," surrounded by large boulders and ancient oaks in a "natural" garden, retains an air of stately charm which is even more enhanced by the historical place it holds in our community. The architect for Glendessary was Samuel Isley; the builder, Christopher Tornoe, father of Mrs. Hugh J. Weldon, whose husband is a Director on the Society's Board.

The gracious hospitality of Edwin and Andriette Gledhill continues the spell of the years which one feels immediately upon entering the door. Here one finds personal treasures, heirlooms of the Gledhill's two adventurous families, brought together under one roof for their own enjoyment. This home should be marked for preservation, as was done with the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, the Hunt-Stambach house, and the old Fernald home.

Mr. Gledhill is a man of varied talents, a creator of ideas, and one who has the ability to work hard to bring his dreams to a successful conclusion. Santa Barbara has gained immeasurably because of this. His dedication to the cause of preservation of worthy historic objects has given the community visible evidence of his interest in this field. The two Victorian residences and the 1854 Maine sea captain's adobe which now stands neighbors to each

other at the corner of Montecito and Castillo Streets, bear testimony to this devotion.

His long-cherished dream of a recreated "Pueblo Viejo" in downtown Santa Barbara where old landmarks of historic value may be preserved and restored, his Master Plan for and his idea to establish an Advisory Landmarks Committee, are further evidences of this devotion to our city's Spanish heritage.

Together the Gledhills created the first "collecting scope" for the Society (*Noticias*: April-December, 1957, p. 6) which begins with the Spanish landing on California shores, continuing through the Mexican and early American period to our present time. This is their guide to their collecting, recording, and exhibiting of material.

During Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill's period of leadership the acquisition of two important bequests — the Kathleen Burke Hale and the Georgiana Lacy Spalding gifts — in addition to that of Mrs. John Russell Hastings who gave the Society the property on Montecito Street, and the collection of books and manuscripts from the estate of Louise P. Peck, have placed in the care of the Society much valuable historical material.

When Mr. Gledhill, a former member of the old board of directors of the Society was appointed to serve as Curator, filling the vacancy created by the death of Miss Elizabeth Mason in September 1953, he agreed to take the office on a temporary basis. However, with the Society's material widely scattered, in public building basements and in several private homes, the task took on tremendous proportions. With the help of Miss Anna Lincoln, Louise Peck, and others, Mr. and Mrs. Gledhill began the work of sorting, cleaning and cataloging the collections, endeavoring to bring them together in one place. The problem of adequate rooms for storage and exhibiting became paramount.

Mr. Francis Price, Sr., agreed to serve as president of the Society in 1954, and through his efforts, as legal advisor to the Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada in this area, and the gratitude of the Franciscan Fathers for financial aide given them by the Foundation for the restoration of the Mission Towers in 1950, permission was given to the Society to occupy five rooms in the west wing of the Mission for 10 years. The first exhibition opened on May 19, 1954, serving to introduce to Santa Barbara a new, vigorous Historical Society.

Andriette Gledhill has worked closely with her husband, and has given unsparingly of her time, energy and inspiration. The hours are long, and the tasks are not always easy, but it is work in which they both find endless satisfaction.

Their deep interest in the future of the Society is infectious; one cannot be with them even a little while without having some of it "rub off."

Their recognition of their dependence upon the advice and help of others is sincere; they are the first to say that without the cooperation of the many friends and volunteer workers, who give unstintingly of their time to the development of the Society's program, and without the generosity of those who give financial aide, they could not continue to serve.

Their dream is to see the Historical Society grow into an organization of national importance, and with the continued cooperation of the members, friends, and the community, this stature is destined to be achieved.



EDWARD PAYSON RIPLEY, 1914

For many years he and his wife were winter residents of Santa Barbara. Working his way up from the position of clerk with the Pennsylvania Railroad in Boston, he became president of the Santa Fe Railroad.



JOHN JAMES HOLLISTER, SR., 1930

Son of Col. W. W. Hollister, mining engineer, rancher and former California State Senator.



CHARLES ALBERT STORKE, 1915

Early day educator, newspaper man and public official. He served the city of Santa Barbara as mayor and district attorney and was a member of the state legislature. Father of Thomas More Storke.



MISS ROXANNA L. DABNEY, 1910

Resident of Santa Barbara in the early 1900's and sister of Mrs. George S. Oliver of Mission Canyon. Gentle ladies of the period.



MADAME CHRISTIAN HERTER, 1914

Mother of Albert Herter, portrait painter and early day patron of the community arts. Grandmother of the present Secretary of State Christian Herter. Her home was known as "El Mirasol." Her husband created the famous Herter looms in New York.



KEITH GLEDHILL, 1916

Son of W. Edwin and Caroline Even Gledhill. He brought honors to Santa Barbara by winning the National Tennis Championship in Boy's Singles and Doubles, Junior Singles and Doubles and Men's Doubles.



LEICESTER WAGNER, 1906

He is the son of the late Rob Wagner, well known portrait painter and founder of the Hollywood magazine "The Script." Leicester Wagner became a writer and newspaper man.



JOHN S. DIEHL, 1912

He and his brothers, Edward and William, founded the world famous Diehl Grocery in 1891. "Diehl's" symbolized the art of fine living in the early part of the century. It was one of the best known establishments in the West.



GEORGE PARRISH TEBBETTS, 1907

He was very important historically in the early American history of San Diego. He came to Santa Barbara as manager of the "Santa Barbara Daily Press" and in 1883 he started the "Daily Independent," Santa Barbara newspaper.



MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1910

Wife of the renowned author and poet. She moved to Santa Barbara after her husband's death and was closely identified with the social and cultural life here. Her ashes were taken, on her death, to Samoa to be buried on Mount Vaea beside her husband.



JOHN E. BEALE, 1910

Member of the Santa Barbara Club, horseman and owner of "Vegamar," later known as the "Child" estate.



EDWARD BOREIN

Noted western artist, born in San Leandro, California, where he met his future wife, Lucile. They were married in the home of Charels F. Lummis and came to Santa Barbara to occupy one of the Harmer studios on the De la Guerra Plaza. Among his closest friends were Will Rogers, Charles M. Russell, Fred Stone and many of the interesting artists and writers of his time.



CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Founder of the southwest museum in Los Angeles and author and editor of "Out West" magazine.



JEDDU KRISHNAMURTI, 1939

An East Indian philosopher, who was the protégé of Anna Besant, president of the World Theosophical Society. He was a part-time resident of the Ojai Valley.



THOMAS MORAN, 1930

Famous 19th century panoramist painter. He explored the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park in 1873 and his paintings now hang in the capitol at Washington, D.C. He made his home in Santa Barbara in the later years of his life.



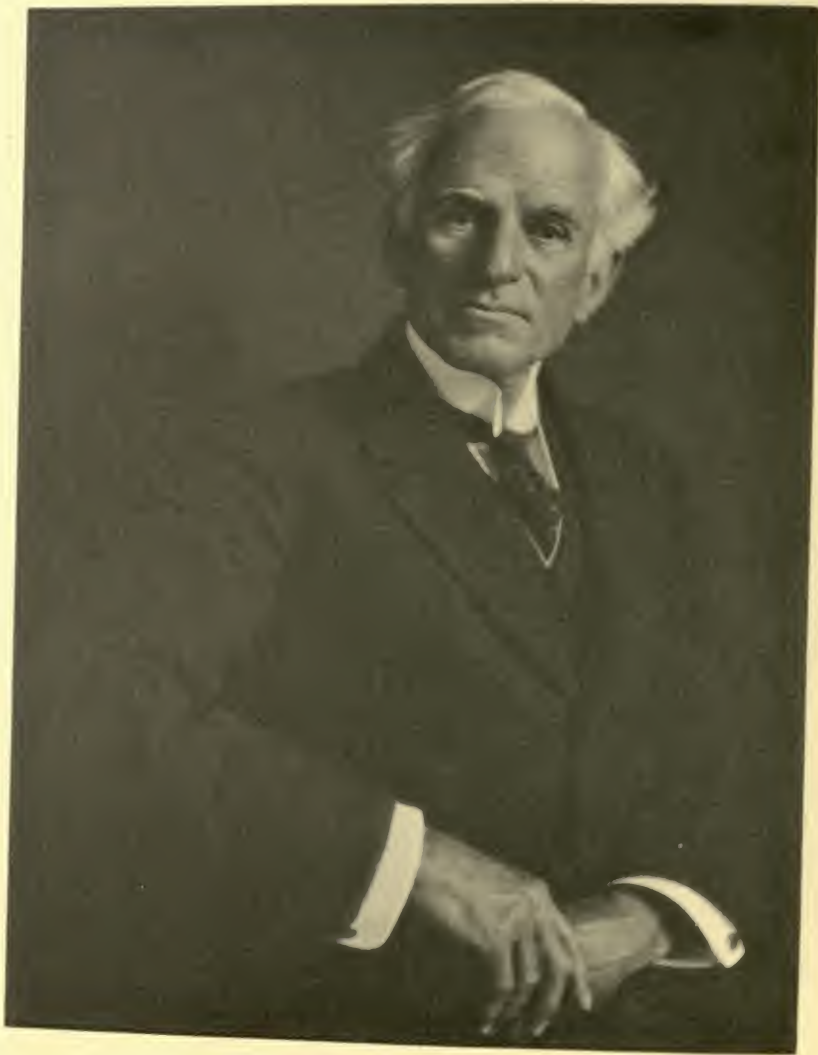
MISS CAROLINE HAZARD

One of the founders of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. She was president of Wellesley College from 1899 to 1910. A writer, poet and artist, her home "Mission Hill" in Santa Barbara was close to the Old Mission.



MRS. JOSEPHINE M. HAWLEY, 1915

Mrs. Hawley was the wife of Walter N. Hawley, who bought the Arlington Hotel from Col. W. W. Hollister in 1887. He was also one of the early developers of the city of Santa Barbara in that section now known as the Riviera.



GEORGE J. KAIME, 1915

Mr. Kaime was a retired industrialist and long-time resident of Santa Barbara. He was active in the social and cultural life of the city and a member of the Santa Barbara Club.



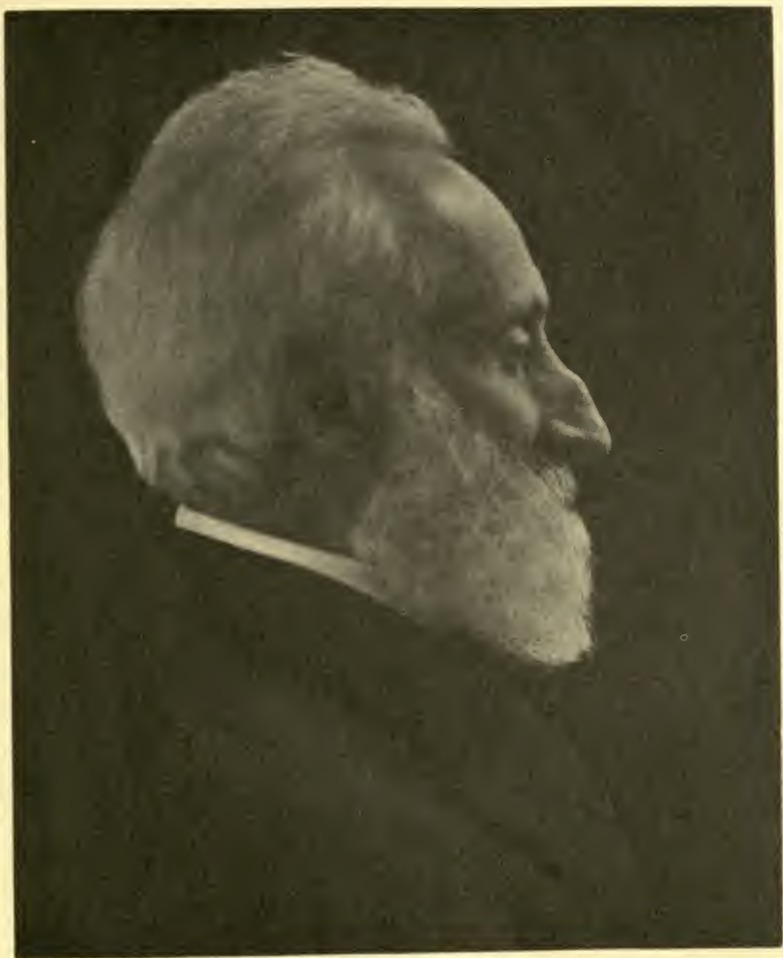
ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS, 1907

Owner and editor of the Santa Barbara "Morning Press" he was also an ardent lover of the out-of-doors, a polo player, an author and a poet. One of his poems, "The Rosary", was set to music and became a nationally known song.



FRANK SANDS, 1906

Owner and editor of the "Santa Barbara Daily News" in the 1890's. Author of "The Pastoral Prince."



DR. FRANCESCO FRANCESCHI, 1910

Distinguished horticulturist, resided in Santa Barbara from 1894 to 1913. He transformed Santa Barbara from a dusty Pueblo to a world famous garden spot by his introduction of exotic flora from all over the world.

Director's Report

With Mrs. Gledhill I had the pleasure of attending the dinner at the California Historical Society in San Francisco on September 27, where Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M. was presented the Henry R. Wagner award for his outstanding achievement in historical scholarship, for his book "The Life of Fray Junipero Serra," recently published by the Academy of Franciscan History.

Henry R. Wagner was one of the pioneer workers of the California Historical Society and was responsible in many ways for its early success. He was an eminent and distinguished historian. This award is a well deserved memorial in his memory.

Let us hope that the Santa Barbara Historical Society may some day have similar awards honoring work in different segments of historic research and endeavor.

While in San Francisco we searched for Spanish and Mexican California documents, papers and records that might be of value for our Society's future research. Visiting the Sutro Library, the Pioneer Society and the California Historical Society, we came to the conclusion they have very little material of the historic area we are particularly interested in. The important depositories of early California papers are in the Bancroft Library and the state archives in Sacramento.

From San Francisco we motored to Sacramento on September 29. There we attended the symposium of the Southern Oregon and Northern California Historical Societies. During the conference, we found that Old Sacramento, of the days of Sutter and the Big Railroad Four, was in danger of destruction by a proposed freeway. I was asked at this critical time to present a resolution, which was approved, and which we hope will help to save these eight blocks of the old town.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society is considered at the present time to be one of the foremost leaders in the preservation of historic landmarks. An important and well documented booklet on the preservation of old Sacramento — published in an endeavor to save this historic old town — believe it or not, contains two pages on El Pueblo Viejo Ordinance and how it could help show the way to save Sacramento's treasured past.

While at this symposium I was appointed to serve on a committee that will study and prepare a bill for introduction in the next session of the State Legislature. This bill would give tax relief to adobes and historic buildings in private ownership, which are permanently preserved by such ordinances as El Pueblo Viejo, where the rising value of surrounding property makes an impossible tax situation.

The chairman of the committee is Mr. Walter F. Frame, lawyer and president of the Sacramento Historical Society. Other members are Dr. Aubrey Neasham of the Western Heritage, Dr. George Hammond of Bancroft Library, Donald Biggs, California Historical Society, and myself.

On my return to Santa Barbara, the Society received a communication from Mr. Dennis Karsag to the effect that in the old Catlett Ranch barn there were window frames and other material, taken from an old adobe, that could be donated to the Society. Elmer Whittaker discovered that these items came from the old Fremont Adobe at De la Guerra Street and Presidio Avenue when remodelling was done by Joe Plunkett years ago. The window

frames are two feet thick and Mr. Whittaker estimated each would cost \$100 today to make. They should be preserved if we can find a place to store them.

Mr. Walker A. Tompkins, writer of local history, has discovered the unmarked grave of Jose Lobero at the Santa Barbara Cemetery. It is especially fitting that a marker should be placed on his grave. Lobero's romantic place in our history should warrant much more than this. Perhaps some fine artist could memorialize him in a sculptured figure to be placed at the Lobero Theatre?

The carved eagle from the ship "Yankee Blade," wrecked in 1854 at Point Arguello, is on exhibition in the library of the Historical Society — its discovery was a miracle. After years spent in search for it by Walker Tompkins, I. A. Bonilla in a dream remembered where he had seen the eagle. The dream directed them to a spot where, atop a gateway of the Olsen Turkey Farm on the San Marcos Pass Road, the quest ended. There, poised for flight, was the historic carved eagle none the worse for its exposure to the weather. The eagle had been displayed by Jose Lobero in his saloon and later placed over the proscenium of his theatre. Then it was given to the Historical Society and stored in Sam Stanwood's Victoria Street stable, and was obtained from Mr. Stanwood by Miss Mary Kinnevan in 1920. The eagle has been presented again to the Society by her brother, Mr. Emmett Kinnevan. Our congratulations and appreciation to Walker A. Tompkins, I. A. (Kenny) Bonilla and Emmett Kinnevan.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society project committee held a very successful event the Sunday before Fiesta. This was a tour of adobes and Victorian homes, with refreshments served in the adjoining gardens of the Trussell-Winchester Adobe and the Judge Fernald Home. Because of the enthusiasm shown by the public, the committee plans to make this an annual event. A report of the project committee, presenting an outline of other events of interest planned for the coming year, will be given in a full article on the history of the committee in the next issue of *Noticias*.

We wish to express our grateful thanks to the following donors for their generous contributions:

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The Historical Society wishes to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Suski, Jr., to Santa Barbara and to congratulate them on acquiring "El Paseo"